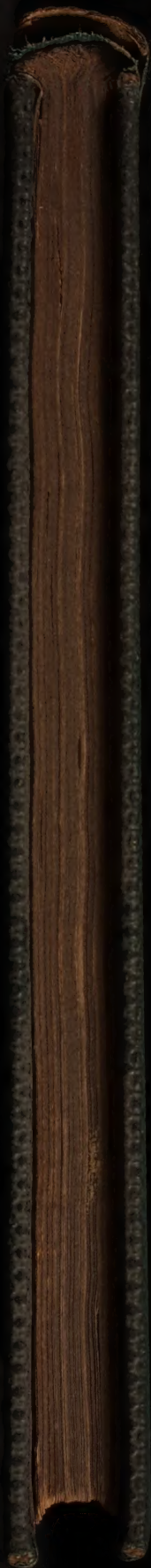


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INTRIGUES, QUEEN OF SPAIN.







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THE
INTRIGUES
OF
THE QUEEN OF SPAIN,
WITH THE
PRINCE OF PEACE
AND OTHERS.

WRITTEN BY A SPANISH NOBLEMAN AND PATRIOT,
WHO ALONE CAN BE ACQUAINTED WITH THE INTRIGUES AND AMOURS
OF THE ABOVE PERSONAGES.

IN FURIAS IGNEQUE RUUNT: AMOR OMNIBUS IDEM.

Virg. Georg. iii. 244.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE following Narrative was written in a country, and at a time, when prudence compelled the Spanish Author, though his manuscript remained unpublished, to forbear mentioning the names of the chief actors in the intrigues of the drama, which he unfolds. For in a land, where not only the bosom of every family is opened to the scrutinizing glance of bigotted inquisitors, but where the most private desk is liable to be burst assunder to gratify their lawless curiosity, man finds it dangerous to transmit his thoughts, and the information he has acquired to paper. Should his timidity, however, yield to the wish of making known some important fact or secret event, the only means of doing it with a probability of security, is to paint truth with the colours of fiction; so that the discerning mass of the public may discover its features, and the self love of the originals of the portraits, hinder them from penetrating through the veil in which they are wrapt. This seems to have been the case with the author of the following work. He was known to possess many secrets, which necessity had imparted to him, and which his own garrulity might long to reveal to others. His conduct was, therefore, watched; his writings might be examined, and he

evidently bade imagination shield his head from perils, which, thus defended, he ventured to encounter. On his arrival in this country, he determined to throw off the mask, and substituted the real names in lieu of those which he had invented, erased several fictitious passages, and was preparing his manuscript for the press, when business of the most unexpected but urgent nature called him to the Spanish main. He left his work in the hands of a friend, who now, though conscious of the imperfect state in which it must appear, thinks the public curiosity too highly excited not to be highly gratified with the publication of the manuscript which was placed entirely at his disposal. Were not the absence of his friend likely to last for several years, he would have awaited his return, but now would deem such a delay prejudicial to his interest, and unfair towards the Public.

THE
INTRIGUES
OF THE
QUEEN OF SPAIN,
&c. &c.

WHEN a traveller sets out, either through pleasure or necessity, on a pedestrian excursion, in a road which he had never trod before, it is natural he should look around him, as it occupies his mind and lightens his fatigue. But it often happens that the prospects deceive him; that instead of being able to go straight to the wished-for inn which he descries at a short distance, he is compelled to wind two miles along the inclosure of a Grandee's park. But the most frequent disappointments arise from hills; for he sees their tops as it were a few acres before him, and whilst his imagination already plunges with delight beneath the shady woods with which they are crowned, he reaches a spot whence the pleasing prospect of a long sun-scorched vale, terminated by the steep and craggy foot of the hill, suddenly bursts upon him. The recorder of the actions of men, is placed in a similar situation; and journeys on through his work incessantly exposed to the same unexpected mortifications. He sees, tow-

ering high above their fellows, beings on whose heads the sun of fortune sheds its noontide rays. Deceived by their conspicuous elevation, and the light in which they are clad, he thinks he will have no difficulty in depicting all their features, watching all their motions, and describing all the minutiae of their dress. But when he looks for the props of their greatness, for the origin of their power, and wishes to turn back to the first pages of the book of their existence, his disappointment is even greater than that of the poor traveller. For a thick mist envelops the prospect through which he must grope his way, grasping for support or information at every unlettered peasant whom he chances to meet. As such hardships are common to almost all biographers, I will cheerfully bear my own burden, without repining at my fate; and before I proceed to relate the *amours* of two great and celebrated personages, will attempt to throw some light on the birth, parentage, and infancy of my hero.

Badajoz is the capital of Estramadura, a mountainous province of the Spanish monarchy, blessed in summer with a degree of heat which will scarcely allow the inhabitants to breathe, and at the same time with a scarcity of spring-water which will not allow them to refresh themselves, save with cooling draughts from muddy ponds; yet the land is fertile, and the oaks which clothe the hills prove very beneficent to the black swinish multitude that live beneath their shade and feed on

their acorns. The capital stands on the banks of the Guadiana, and derives its greatest fame from its bridge, a Roman antiquity and the seat of a Spanish triumph over the Portuguese in 1661. But rejoice, mighty city, a brighter ray of glory now will beam on thee, for thou hast given birth to the wisest minister who ever distracted the councils of a nation, robbed the people and injured his Sovereign, to the bravest warrior who ever turned his back upon an enemy, and to the most prudent negociator who ever concluded a dishonourable peace. In a word, the 8th of March, 1767, the great Prince of Peace (I am now at liberty to name him) made his first appearance on the stage of life, it is said, under a roof about ten feet above the ground, in a room ornamented with five whole, and one broken, chairs, and in the humble shape of Manuel Godoy, the second son, according to some, of a vender of wool, and according to others, of a disbanded soldier.

His father, whose cultivated mind was *nearly* master of the art of reading, was desirous that his son, as soon as his genius seemed powerful enough to conquer the difficulties of the task, should also become a scholar. For this purpose he left him a few years to the care of his nurse, who had flattered his parental pride by relating one of her never-failing dreams, which predicted his future greatness. Intent upon the fulfilling of that dream, the good woman exerted all her abilities

so successfully, that before two years and a half had elapsed, her pupil was able to spell a few pages of Cervantes' admirable work. Overjoyed at this early mark of unfolding genius, she repaired to the cottage of his father, who, it appears, had philosophically changed his former trade, to swell the number of the

— *Fortunatos nimium sua si bona nôrint
Agrícolas!*

But how bitterly did she inveigh against the cruelty of parents, when she learnt that her favourite Manuel, instead of being sent into the world to fulfil his high destiny, was doomed to rove unnoticed among the mountains of Estramadura, a leader of black swine. She remonstrated against that debasing employment with all the eloquence of heartfelt indignation; brought forward a new legion of dreams and visions in which she always saw him with a sword in one hand and an olive branch in the other, treading upon a crown; asked the unrelenting father, whether commanding swine could teach the art of commanding men, and finished by declaring, that if he did not yield to her advice, clearly supported by supernatural revelations, he ought to be chained in the dungeons of the Inquisition, tortured into obedience, or burned in an *auto-da-fe*, for opposing the will of heaven.

This flood of oratory was poured in vain, neither threats nor prayers could awe or melt the fixed resolution of the old Godoy. She was advised to return to town, and her pupil was intro-

duced by his eldest brother Luis, who had not yet left the paternal roof, seduced by the distant splendour of military glory, to a numerous herd of swine. In this dignified retirement, he reached his 14th year, without meeting with any opportunity of displaying the superiority of his genius, or rising above the level of his condition. His nurse, or rather his female Mentor, often visited him, and with indefatigable activity incited him to enrol in the lists of fame, and attentive to her warning, to serve his King and country, till his distinguished services should lead him to preferment, and preferment to the enjoyment of the greatness and honours which fate kept in store for him. The youth at last grew convinced of his own merit, and promised, that as soon as he was able to play a sufficient number of tunes, to secure his livelihood on his way to Madrid, he would bid adieu to his native province, and try to obtain the honourable post of private in the King's guards. The execution of this plan was delayed and ultimately favoured, by the military spirit which suddenly displayed itself unassisted in the mind of his brother Luis. This hero, for till his courage be tried, we have no right to form a different opinion of any man, boldly asked his father the permission of enlisting in the same regiment, in which Manuel secretly intended to signalize his valour. To him it was granted without difficulty, and profiting by the fleeting moment of condescension, Manuel renewed his solicitations to follow

him so ardently, that parental resolves yielded to his importunities, and about the year 1782, the two brothers set off, arm in arm, to court, and wed the bloody goddess of war.

Before following our adventurers to the metropolis of Spain, it is necessary to unfold their dispositions, such as they were before the varied events of life had altered or strengthened the natural bent of their minds. The inhabitants of Estramadura are celebrated throughout the kingdom for their humanity, sincerity, and courage. Luis possessed many of the virtues of his country, and Manuel the opposite vices. The former viewed the career which was about to open before him, with the ardent spirit of a youth, who exults at the prospect of difficulties, because he feels himself capable of conquering them: and the latter, though apparently awed at their approach, did not look for security in a manly opposition, but by a deceitful and momentary obedience sought to avoid their shock, conscious of rising again as soon as the perils were past. The one, like a gallantly manned vessel, rode over the billows which the storm heaved against her; the other, like, a shipwrecked passenger, warily plunged under every threatening wave, and only re-appeared after it had rolled over him.

On their arrival at Madrid the two brothers were immediately enlisted in the King's guards, and during several months remained as unnoticed by the world as when they dwelt on the mountains of

Estramadura. But the time was now at hand when they were to start from their obscurity, and, after alternate showers of success and ill-fortune, to bask in the sunshine of wealth and prosperity.

At the beginning of July 1782, the Court, as it is customary, left Aranjuez for Madrid, and their return in the capital was celebrated with bull-fights, which from this time continue every Monday, morning and evening, to amuse all classes of people until the approach of winter, when they totally cease. The old King, Charles III. the Princess of Asturias, afterwards Queen of Spain, and her husband, took pleasure in witnessing the heroic exploits of Picadors, the light feats of Tchulos, and the cool determination and unerring skill of Matadors, or bull murderers, and frequently graced the amphitheatre with their presence. On such days the boldest among the nobility and gentry of Spain never failed to display their courage and dexterity; and the spirit of emulation diffusing itself through the lower ranks, Luis Godoy felt its impulse too powerfully to remain an idle spectator of the glory acquired by others. He borrowed a horse from one of his companions, and assuming the dress of a Picador, mixed unknown among the noblemen who were first to attack the bull. The King, the Prince and Princess of Asturias, and a host of courtiers and ladies were present, and the animal destined to afford the sport of the day, was chosen amongst the wildest and most powerful bulls kept in store for public

amusement. No sooner had it been freed, than it rushed impetuously upon its enemies, who calmly awaited his attack, and lightly bounding aside, fixed the short iron of their spears in its neck, then galloping around it, avoided its desperate blows, and galled it with incessant wounds. Mad with pain and fury, it shook the circus with its roar, and tore the ground with its horns. Luis remained undismayed, whilst his companions shrunk awhile from the perils of the battle. Against him alone, the terrific animal now bent all its rage, and heedless of his pointed lance, plunged its horns into the side of his horse, that fell with its rider half crushed beneath the weight of their wounded antagonist. Loud cries of *Se han matado uno à otro* (they have killed each other) resounded through the amphitheatre, and every eye was fixed on the spot where they lay; when starting from the ground, Luis triumphantly waved his spear, red with blood, and greeted the sight of the anxious and astonished spectators. Peals of universal applause rewarded his victory; and in the enthusiasm of the moment, the Duchess of Alva, who sat in the Princess of Asturias' box, snatched up a diamond clasp from her cloak and threw it as a token of admiration to the victor. The Princess, without expressing her satisfaction so publicly, felt a lively interest for the young adventurer, whose elegant figure and handsome features had already rivetted her attention. Unable to learn his name, she ordered an old lady, Señora Men-

dokia de Truxillo, in whom she placed unbounded confidence, to obtain the information she required, and impatiently waited till eleven other bulls, (twelve is in general the number of animals sacrificed for the morning amusement) had been dispatched by less handsome and graceful combatants, before she was able to receive any satisfactory reply. Donna Mendocia had instantly sent two of her trusty servants after the conquering Luis, who though overjoyed at the applause he had received, regretted bitterly the loss of the horse, for which it was not in his power, or at least in that of his purse, to make any restitution. The lacqueys followed him unnoticed to the house of a friend, where he exchanged his gay dress for his regimentals, and from thence traced him to the barracks, where they easily became acquainted with his name. The Princess on receiving this information was struck with astonishment; but as in our country the life of every individual is strewn with incidents that paint the romantic character of the nation, what in other lands would be deemed fit to figure only in the pages of a novel, and consequently incredible, here awakens only a momentary emotion of surprise, which soon gives way to conviction. The Princess of Asturias is not a native of Spain, she therefore indulged her astonishment a little longer than our ladies would, but it soon yielded to a more powerful impulse. Pride at first revolted against her design, but pride is weak in a woman's heart, when it har-

bours unlawful love. It vainly endeavoured to shield her virtue, and reminded her of the duties of a Princess, and above all of a wife. The only favour its loudest eloquence could obtain was that she should conceal her rank and her name. Satisfied with this concession to the ruling passion of the great, she sent by her faithful confidant, Senora Mendocia, a handsome present to the brave soldier, as from a lady who had not witnessed his triumph without admiration. Surprised at this unexpected gift, the youth vainly attempted to learn from whom it proceeded. Every day new presents were conveyed to him through different messengers, in order to mislead conjecture: for ill stifled respect for her own character still made the Princess hesitate on the threshold of dishonour. Married at the age of fourteen to a Prince whose weakness and imbecility must prove the ruin of his country, and whose greatest enjoyment is the chase, she never felt for him that sort of attachment which would have secured her fidelity, and disarmed temptations of all their power. She had children it is true, but having given a lawful heir to the throne of Spain, she perhaps thought herself less guilty in admitting a stranger into the conjugal bed. Her authority over her spouse was unbounded, her hints he was accustomed to look upon as orders, and on whomsoever she introduced to him as *her* friend, *he* was obliged to bestow his affection and patronage. To him she fearlessly recommended Luis Godoy, as a young man in

whose welfare she felt interested, and whom she would rejoice to see preferred. A few days afterwards Luis was made lieutenant in his regiment, but still remained ignorant of the name of his invisible protector. Pride, which discarded the idea of a private soldier, with something like unwilling contempt, could dwell with less repugnance upon that of an officer. Thus forsaken by that last support of expiring virtue, the Princess determined, for the first time, to have an interview with the newly created lieutenant; intending still, however, not to throw off the mask. She wrote a few lines without any signature, expressive of her intention, and appointing a particular spot for a rendezvous. But through the treachery of an inferior agent, this note was carried to her father-in-law, Charles III. who having called her into his presence, laid her own writing open before her sight. She did not disown what she had done; but as the terms of which she had made use were of an ambiguous nature, declared that having till then assisted the young officer to whom it was addressed, and who had been recommended by his indigent family to her patronage, without making herself known to him, she was desirous, in a private interview, to see whether he were really worthy of her protection. That she had only beholden him once in her life, and therefore could not be supposed to have formed a sudden attachment so dishonourable for herself, and criminal towards her husband. That she hoped the young

man would not suffer by her imprudence in writing such a note, as he neither had any knowledge of her exertions in his favour, nor even suspected whence his trifling promotion proceeded. The King, though far from being satisfied with this explanation, was unable to prove the charge, as the bearer of the letter knew nothing more than that he had several times carried presents to Luis Godoy, without informing him whence they came. Willing to admit the plausibility of innocence in a case, in which the consequences of guilt might attain the succession to the crown, and yet desirous to guard against female frailty, Charles III. chose the only means that could compass both ends. In order that the Princess might no longer have any occasion to interest herself in the welfare of Luis Godoy, he gave him a company of the Militia of Estramadura, with the Cross of the Order of Alcantara, but banished him from Madrid for life, and forbade him ever to approach within twenty-five leagues of the Court, wherever it might sojourn.

With equal surprise did Luis hear of his unexpected promotion, and knightly honours, and instant banishment. To ask questions proved of no avail. In two hours he was invested with his command, received the Cross of Alcantara, and was hurried out of the capital. Neither was he able to comprehend his mysterious destiny, until his brother Manuel, who till now remained in obscurity, a private in the the Spanish company

of body-guards, brought him from Madrid the information which he had long, but in vain, wished to obtain.

This youth, both unable and unwilling to seek promotion in the footsteps of his brother, and forgetful of the brilliant dreams of his nurse, spent the time which he could snatch from the duties of his profession, in breeding quarrels among his companions, or serenading the *belles* of his neighbourhood. The palace of the Duchess of Alva stood at a short distance from the quarters of his regiment; it contained a large number of handsome female dependants and ladies of honour, whose charms made so much impression on Manuel's heart, that every night he stole out with his guitar and ravished their ears with the songs of his native province. One evening it happened that the Duchess had not yet retired to rest, when the sounds of his instrument, and the melody of his voice, attracted her attention. She opened a window, and taking a seat on the balcony, listened to his strains with rapture: for nature had endowed him with a fine voice, and practice made his execution perfect. Flattered at being so highly noticed, though unconscious of the rank of the fair listener, he exerted his abilities so successfully, that as soon as he had ended, the Duchess sent him an invitation up stairs, which he joyfully accepted. Her Grace was passionately fond of music, and especially when it flowed from the lips of a youth, who, to a pleasing set of features, joined a figure which might be improved into elegance. She

made him repeat his tunes, inquired into his circumstances, and promised all her influence should be consecrated to his service. Unlike the generality of the great, the Duchess of Alva was a slave to her word, and never raised any hopes which she intended to deceive. Her interest, which was considerable, soon procured Manuel a commission. She openly acknowledged him for her *protegé*, and introduced him as such to the elevated circle of her friends. His musical talents secured him a welcome every where, and his wily policy taught him the difficult art of pleasing every one, by sacrificing his tastes and opinions to their various ways of thinking. A short time after the banishment of his brother, which had been kept a profound secret from the public, the Duchess happened to mention the name and abilities of her young soldier in the company of the Princess of Asturias; the latter expressed a wish to see him, as though willing to oblige her friend, rather than gratify any inclination of her own; but the departure of the Court for San Ildefonso, at the beginning of August, and its subsequent residence at the Escorial till the end of the year 1782, delayed their interview. On her return to Madrid, in Jan. 1783, she at last formed, at the Duchess of Alva's, a connexion with Manuel Godoy, which, though apparently unimportant, between a lady of thirty-two and a boy of fifteen, proved the source of almost all the calamities with which Spain has since been afflicted.

Struck with the resemblance which Manuel bore to his brother, the Princess felt her former passion reviving in her breast. Had it met with no opposition, it would perhaps have not lasted longer than a woman's whim generally does; but the banishment of her lover had secured him a place in her remembrance; and now she saw a prospect of holding a safe and uninterrupted correspondence with him, she gladly seized the opportunity. Manuel's reception was gratifying to his pride, and proportioned to the idea she had formed of the utility of his services. Experience had taught her that her conduct was watched, and she knew the necessity of prudence too well to awaken suspicion by an ostentatious display of favours lavished on Manuel. For though the world might, and most probably would, have considered them as springing from a liberal and benevolent spirit, the name of her *protégé* would have revealed the secret to the King. Instead of inviting him, therefore, frequently to her palace, or compelling the weakness of her spouse to grant promotion to the brother of her lover, she deemed it preferable to meet him only at the Duchess of Alva's, or Señora Truxillo's apartments, and not to raise him above the obscure rank which he filled in the army. In case of a discovery, she relied on his youth for security, and on the plea that having been forbidden to fulfill her promise to his family, by rearing herself the fortune of Luis Godoy, it was but just she should be permitted to transfer her patronage to his

younger brother, whose age had not allowed her yet to heap preferment on his head.

Thus armed with caution, she, by degrees, informed Manuel of her friendship for his brother, and her unabated wish of exerting all her influence in his behalf. Though young, Manuel had too early become intimate with vice, not to trace it instantly under every disguise it assumed. For by the same reason, that leads almost unconsciously, the votaries of virtue into a similarity of tastes, and an exchange of affection, and makes them feel, even when unacquainted, a mutual pleasure in each other's company, the instinct of the vicious, for they have yielded up their claim to reason, eagerly snuffs the scent of vice, folly or debauchery, where inexperience would be deceived by outward appearances or borrowed sweets. His brother's banishment and elevation, Manuel had always considered as a mystery which time alone could unfold, and therefore had taken no trouble to dive into its cause. But now it revealed itself to his knowledge, and the conviction that an unlawful intercourse between the Princess and Luis had produced that sudden change in both their fortunes, flashed before his eyes. Artifice, dissimulation, and treachery, had always been the rules of his actions, and in the present case he resolved to follow their strictest injunctions. In this intrigue, he saw the basis of future elevation, on which he determined to erect his fortune, but cunning was the only power his mind possessed, and whilst planning a

means to compass his end, he felt the total want of genius. Ambition invaded his breast, and extinguished every spark of morality and brotherly affection which it still contained. He eagerly listened to the relation which the Princess gave him in a subsequent meeting, of her attachment for Luis, and with an assumed air of innocent simplicity which won confidence, inquired into her future intentions, and offered to assist her in any undertaking, however dangerous, she might wish him to attempt. She disclosed to him part of her plans, and entrusted to his care a letter for her absent lover.

No sooner had Manuel left her presence, than his mind became the sport of contending passions, which started at the beck of ambition. They all pointed to the acquirement of grandeur, but they pointed different ways. The honour and liberty, if not the life of the Princess, were now in his power, and his first thought was to terrify her by frequent threats of a discovery, into a dear purchase of his silence. But he reflected that daggers and poison might be deemed more effectual means to answer that end, than either gold and dignities, and the grave was not the reward he wished to reap. The next plan on which he dwelt with more satisfaction consisted in informing the Prince himself of the conduct of his wife, and should he be disposed to hide his dishonour, to promise secrecy on terms that would yield him affluence and splendour. But the same dangers attended the execution of this de-

sign ; that was relinquished for the following, which after due consideration was also deemed unfeasible. Yet so decidedly bent was he on this scheme, that he began an epistle to the King, in which he intended to hint at the renewal of the connexion between the Princess and his brother, and offer to produce convincing proofs, on condition of being appointed ———, when he suddenly thought that Charles III. was old, that his death might not be far distant, and would leave him exposed to the vengeance of his successor, who might long to punish the publisher of his dishonour. From this state of contention, not with honour, whose name he indeed knew, but whose impulse he never felt, but with the probability of peril, he at last emerged, after having resolved not to betray the secret of the Princess, but with seeming fidelity to fulfil all her commands, and carry her presents to his brother, without delivering her letters, or making him acquainted with the person from whom he received so many favours. The suppression of the letters could not awaken suspicion, as the Princess had informed Manuel that prudence required they should not be answered, and as his brother had never known her attachment for him, he naturally could not expect any written pledge of it.

Conscious that when the heart of a woman is tainted with corruption, it will but seldom confine its guilt to a single act, and that the first breach of the conjugal tie must almost invariably be followed by similar offences. Manuel Godoy, who

now boldly assumed the ennobling monosyllable *Don*, determined, by every means in his power, to rob his brother of the affections of the Princess, and turn the tide of her love upon himself. It was for that purpose he kept her letters; for he knew the superiority of Luis's talents and person too well not to dread him as a rival, were he ever to learn that he was loved. His youth was the greatest obstacle which reflection opposed to his design, but his ardent imagination fired with ambition and supported by a considerable share of self-love and pride, soon carried him away beyond the sphere of reflection, and bade him act, nor think of any thing but what might forward the execution of his plan.

Loaded with gifts, he departed from Madrid, about the middle of the year 1783, to repair to Badajoz, where his brother still resided. His stay in his native town was but short, but it was marked by a trait of gratitude, which the fidelity of history takes pleasure in recording, as it sets forth to the greatest advantage the enlightened state of his mind. After delivering to *Don Luis Godoy* the jewels sent to him by *an unknown lady*, who he strongly suspected belonged to the Court, but was wrapt in an impenetrable cloak of mystery, he hastened to visit his nurse. At the door of her humble abode he laid down the pride of his rising fortune, clasped her in his arms, thanked her kindly for the advice she had given him on the mountains of Estramadura, and rewarded her

splendid dream with a few pieces of gold, eagerly inquiring whether she had had any other prophetic revelations relating to his future greatness? The good woman remained awhile dumb with joy, and when the power of expressing her thoughts returned, could only exclaim, "I told your stubborn father so! I told him so! All my friends knew my dream, they must learn it is now fulfilling!" and she was rushing out of her hovel to spread her welcome news around, when Don Manuel, who had no wish of being saluted by the low herd of his former acquaintance, insisted on her not divulging the secret he had told her, as it would prove the means of creating envy. He then related to her several dreams of his own, the meaning of which he required her to explain. She was held in almost as much veneration as a Sybil of old by the inferior classes at Badajoz, and practice had given her a readiness at invention, and acuteness in discovering what might please the curiosity of her visitors, which gratified the simple and flattered the proud. She listened attentively to his relation, pondered awhile before she muttered her answer, and then assured him that his dreams exactly coincided with hers, and predicted an elevation scarcely equalled in modern times. Credulity is easily satisfied; Don Manuel promised her that as soon as his fortune would permit, he would call her to Madrid, where she should reside under his roof, and fill the office of his dream-interpreter. Then, conscious that her

tongue vainly swore secrecy, he hastily left his native town before the rumours of his growing greatness could gather a crowd around him.

A fall from his horse whilst hurrying back to the capital detained him nearly a fortnight at a miserable inn on the way, and when he reached Madrid the deep glow of health had fled from his cheeks, and the sparkling fire of his eyes was quenched. It was agreed he should meet the Princess at the Duchess of Alva's, where he instantly repaired. The Princess remarked the paleness of his face, and the languishing expression of his looks, and for the first time thought his countenance handsome. It was on her account he had suffered so much, and she pitied him; pity gave birth to a lively interest, in which his youth allowed her to indulge, and which by degrees prepared her mind to harbour a still warmer sentiment towards him. Too watchful not to perceive the impression he had made, he was also too skilful to neglect any opportunity of winning the esteem (if such a word may thus be prostituted) of the Princess. Apparently indefatigable in her service, he travelled alternately from Madrid to Badajoz, to carry new presents to his brother, and still feigned he was unacquainted with the name and the rank of the giver. In our country romantic mystery is too congenial to the spirit of the people, not to be met with frequently, it therefore awakens less attention, even in the person concerned in it, than it would in foreign climes. It is

jointly with intrigue, the food of youth, so common as to be scarcely relished. It is not astonishing, therefore, that Don Luis took no measures to penetrate through the veil that wrapped his protector, expecting that whenever circumstances would allow, she would draw it aside of her own accord, and reveal the cause of her friendship and concealment. Had even curiosity impelled him to action, his banishment, and the Royal mandate that forbade him to approach within twenty-five leagues of the Court, would have limited the field of his exertions, and rendered them useless if not perilous.

During the two following years Don Manuel carried on his deception without encountering any difficulty that might appal his coward soul, and force him to relinquish his design. His ambition grew with his frame, and his plans expanded with the cunning of his mind; and as the strength of coming manhood succeeded to the imbecility of youth, he blushed at his own supineness, and determined that activity should mark his future actions.

The Duchess of Alva being confined to her bed by illness, the meetings of the Princess and Manuel were not less frequent at her palace, where the plea of interest in the restoration of her health shielded their visits from the obloquy of the world. But they had no more a friend to preside over their interviews; and a woman who has entrusted a man with the secret of her weakness for another,

can oppose but little resistance to the seductions of her own confidant. She cannot arm the severity of virtue in her cause, for he knows virtue has ceased to dwell in her heart ; she cannot represent to him the sacredness of the ties which bind her to a husband, for she has owned she had despised and broken them ; she cannot remonstrate on the imprudence of the act, for she has been safely imprudent with another. Honour, virtue, and prudence, refuse to obey her call and stand in her defence, whilst the remembrance of her former offence widens the path that leads to a second, and increases her familiarity with guilt. Music had till then constituted the chief amusement at their meetings, and the songs selected by the artful Godoy were of such a nature as to warm the imagination, and give to the senses the empire of the soul ; but now the same freedom was indulged in conversation. Words were soon found too weak expressions for sentiment, and before the Duchess was sufficiently recovered to join their evening parties, they had ceased to be innocent.

The return of spring and the improved state of the Duchess of Alva's health suspended for a while the course of their vicious pleasures ; for that lady was too proud to allow her palace to become the seat of debauchery, and was therefore excluded from the secret of their intimacy. The Court as usual repaired in April to Aranjuez, and the lovers were forced to separate, until some

means of safely continuing their connexion, were devised.

Aranjuez, it is well known, lies at the distance of twenty-one miles from Madrid. The village seems to have been built by the Dutch subjects, who rather chose to abandon their country, than forget the allegiance they owed to their Spanish Monarchs, and transported their national taste with their families into Spain. The houses consist of one story only, and the streets are planted with four rows of trees. The Palace deserves more attention on account of the paintings which it contains, than the grandeur of its architecture. But the vicinity of the conflux of the Tagus and the Jarama, winding round a woody island, ornamented with statues and marble basons, and forming one of the royal gardens, renders its situation pleasant and picturesque.

Before a fortnight had elapsed, the Princess who had called Senora de Truxillo to Aranjuez, employed her in hiring a house, in which Don Manuel might live unobserved. It was determined that as she was a widow, he should pass for her only son, and assume her name, and their interviews were to take place either beneath her roof, or at any other spot which circumstances might make more convenient, and which the ingenuity of both parties was to seek and point out.

In a few days, Don Manuel had taken possession of his house, in which he apparently led a very retired life. Conscious that religious hypo-

crisy is the safest covering of guilt, and that the watchful eyes of the inquisition never lost sight of any one, he attended mass regularly every day, bowed before the images that stood at the corners of the streets, and confessed his sins regularly once a week. But as often as the pleasures of the Court were suspended, and prudence could insure secrecy, he was visited by the Princess, whose attachment for him seemed to increase after every interview. His brother she now only considered as her friend, and though she continued frequently to send him presents, she forbore writing any more.

Before relating the following occurrence, which had nearly nipped in the bud the ambitious hopes of Manuel Godoy, it is necessary to describe the spot where it took place, and the cause whence it proceeded, as many of my own countrymen may not have visited Aranjuez.

There is another garden, still more beautiful than that in the island, called the Prince's garden. It lays on one of the banks of the Tagus, where the art of man has constructed a small harbour, defended by a fort and several batteries, to imitate a sea-port. During the abode of the Court at Aranjuez, it is filled with a select body of sailors, and a number of small frigates, twenty or thirty feet long, and two superbly ornamented barges for the Royal Family. In the evening, water excursions frequently form the diversions of the Court; all the vessels are then brilliantly illuminated, and the

barges descend the river, followed by the frigates, the decks of which are crowded with skilful musicians. This spectacle enchants at once the ear and the sight. The serenity of a Castilian sky, the coolness of the waves, the perfumes arising from the innumerable roses that bloom in the Prince's garden, the splendour of the lights, and the delightful strains that reverberate through the air, and are mildly answered by distant echoes, strike the imagination of the beholder, like the revels of fairies, rather than the amusements of mere mortals.

Don Manuel, though unnoticed by every eye, save that of the Princess, and though neither his rank, nor prudence, allowed him to share in these royal sports, constantly enlivened them by his presence. Now, disguised as a musician, he found a ready admittance into the king's own barge, where his harmonious voice, and the skill he displayed on the guitar, made him the object of universal admiration: and now clad as a sailor, his grace and agility were remarked and applauded. Sometimes he grasped an oar, and then seated by the side of the Princess, obtained many a secret smile of encouragement for his dexterity.

One evening as, after he had entertained the Royal Party with one of his native songs, he was resuming his seat on the side of the barge, his guitar slipped from his hand, and fell into the water. He hastily leaned forward to snatch it ere it had been carried beyond his reach, when

a sudden motion of the vessel caused him to dive headlong into the river. He had never learnt to swim, and though he rose several times to the surface, he as often sank again. The agitation and terror of the Princess robbed her face of her usual hue, and she would have exclaimed aloud, had not fear completely locked the powers of her tongue. At last seeing that no one dared to plunge into the stream to save a fellow-creature's life, the Prince of Asturias being an expert swimmer, sprang boldly into the Tagus, and in a few minutes brought his rival's senseless body on his shoulders to the barge. Here the ladies pressed around him with their salts, and whilst the gentlemen opened his vest, to free his breast from the weight of the wet garment, part of his officer's uniform appeared. This discovery gave a new bias to the minds of all present, and curiosity began to mingle with interest in the looks of the female spectators. That some intrigue was carried on by the unfortunate youth, under the disguise of a musician, they were all convinced, and instantly attempted by studying the countenance of every other lady, to learn who might be the chosen fair of this adventurer in love. The paleness of the Princess, and the grief marked in her features, gave rise to a thousand whispers, of surprise and malignant joy. The nature of man is less inquisitive, and less suspicious, the noblemen exerted all their endeavours to restore life to the inanimate being before them, without

caring about the cause of his disguise. In half an hour, Don Manuel was sufficiently recovered to be conveyed to the shore, and direct his bearers to the house he inhabited.

This accident afforded a subject for several days' conversation and inquiries to the courtiers, and especially the ladies. But the latter did not remain satisfied with a mere communication of thoughts; bent upon ascertaining the truth of their conjectures, they had all the actions of the Princess carefully watched, as well as the abode of Don Manuel, whose real name they were not, however, able to discover. But during several days their curiosity was baffled; for as Senora de Truxillo lived beneath the same roof, she was the only messenger the Princess employed to inquire into the state of her lover's health. Yet when they found that he went under the name of Don Fernando de Truxillo, and passed for that lady's son, their suspicions were almost turned into a certainty; they had never heard that she had a family, and as her intimacy with the Princess had more than once excited their envy, they were glad such a fair opportunity of blasting her character now offered itself, as they doubted not but she was a party concerned in the dishonour of the Prince. Don Manuel soon recovered, and as the spies of the Princess had informed her that her steps were watched, she forbore visiting him for some time. But her impatient spirit could not brook a long delay, she, at last, appointed a meeting in the gar-

den of the Ila, the thick woods and retired harbours of which, seemed to insure secrecy and security to their interview. In the dusk of the evening, Don Manuel rowed alone in a boat to the island, and hiding it in a small creek, over-shadowed by the branches of spreading elms, over which lofty poplars reared their heads, stole silently among the paths overgrown with wild roses, and wandered among the unrestrained luxuriance of nature, until the distant bell of the castle proclaimed the approach of the fixed hour. He hurried towards the spot where they had agreed to meet—it was solitary. He listened, and no footstep brushed o'er the dewy grass, no form appeared through the opening shrubs. Conscious he had not mistaken the place, he remained in anxious expectation, till the stillness of night enwrapped the sky and the earth, and every breeze was hushed. The moon rising unclouded, darted now and then a beam of light through the foliage of the wood, and enabled him to find his way back to his boat. Descending he resumed the oar, and descending the river below the Prince's garden, reached a part from whence he could desery, unseen, his distant habitation. He was approaching the shore, when he suddenly perceived a crowd of Alguazils, with torches in their hands, surrounding his house. Surprised, and alarmed at this sight, he rowed towards the opposite bank, where, concealed beneath the shade of the trees, with which it was overgrown, he might escape being noticed, and

yet watch all the proceedings of those he deemed his foes. His door was burst open, and the interior of his dwelling apparently searched, but disappointed in their expectations of finding him, one half of the Alguazils departed, whilst the rest remained hidden, in order to secure him on his return. For awhile he stood undecided what course to pursue. It was plain that his intrigue with the Princess had been discovered; that she had been prevented from repairing to the rendezvous, and that his liberty if not his life was menaced. He, at last, determined to wait till he saw every apprehension of instant danger removed, as there was no probability his foes should trace him on the river; and when every thing had resumed the aspect of tranquillity, to follow the current of the stream, and seek a shelter at a distance from Aranjuez.

Whilst his eyes were fixed on what passed on the opposite bank, and he started at the very sound of the rippling waters, he was suddenly terrified by a loud rustling behind him. He quickly turned, and perceived the light of torches gleaming through the foliage of the trees; he sank to the bottom of the boat, and only raising his head over the side, beheld a large party of the King's guards, marching forward with a hurried step. The royal carriages, followed by those of the Prince and Princess of Asturias, afterwards appeared, and another body of guards closed the cavalcade. As the road turned abruptly away from the river, Don Manuel was soon

freed from the apprehensions which their presence excited, and remained silent and motionless, intending to pursue his course in a few hours. But youth conquered fear, and when the time he had fixed for his departure arrived, instead of hastening away beyond the reach of his enemies, the adventurous lover was locked so fast in the embraces of sleep, as to let the favourable opportunity pass unheeded by. When he awoke the sun shone bright over his head, the banks of the river were as usual filled with gentlemen and ladies, who came to enjoy the coolness of the morning, and barges laden with company were seen hurrying down the stream. Terrified lest he should be noticed, he recollected that he was known at Aranjuez only as the son of Donna Mendocia de Truxillo, and not as a lieutenant in the guards; casting aside therefore the cloak which concealed his uniform, he ventured from beneath the shelter of the trees, boldly hailed one of the barges, and, being admitted on board, mixed in the general conversation with a face of tranquillity, but a trembling heart. The chief topics were the sudden departure of the court for Madrid, the fancied discovery of an intrigue between the Princess of Asturias and a young man without fortune, and it was supposed without a name, and the disappointment of the Princess's accusers, who had been unable to secure the youth, to prove the truth of their charges. By questions, which though pointed, could awaken no suspicion, he gathered a sufficient store of information to rule his future conduct;

inveighed against the corruption of courts, and the degeneracy of the Spanish nation; the indolent ignorance of the nobility, and the superstition of the clergy, till, on a sudden, he saw the person who sat next to him, and who had for a long time listened to his remarks with approving complacency, start up, as though wounded by the sting of a bee, and retire to the opposite end of the barge. Thinking that his right-hand neighbour might have perceived the cause of this unexpected retreat, he turned towards him, and asked him whether he could give any explanation of it. But a chilling frown was the only answer he received. Unused to such a treatment, he repeated his question in a louder tone, when, to his great astonishment, the gentleman whom he addressed, rose silently from his place, and took a seat by the side of the former. A lady, whose veil completely hid her features, was the next, and he ventured to repeat his enquiry to her, apologising at the same time for his boldness in making the request. With a terrified look, she hastily whispered, "look behind!" and remained silent and motionless, as though she wished it should be thought she had not spoken. He looked behind, and saw only two men in black, who seemed to take little notice of what had passed. Their features offered nothing extraordinary, and he could not conceive how they had influenced the conduct of two gentlemen, with whom they were not even acquainted. In order to lighten all his doubts, for he began to fear he had been known, he approached

those men, and frankly asked their opinion about the occurrence which had taken place. "You shall know it soon," was the reply; and the eyes of the whole company were now bent on Don Manuel alone. The conversation slackened by degrees, till it was entirely interrupted. Terror spread a deadly paleness over every countenance; several passengers begged, but in vain, to be set ashore, even the ladies were silent, and the rowers ceased to mingle their wild songs, with the dashing of their oars. Compelled to refrain from making any other inquiries, he imitated the speechless sullenness of his companions, endeavouring to grasp with thought, at the true cause of their rudeness and apparent alarm, when the spot that terminated their excursion, appeared in sight, and the company prepared with seeming satisfaction to land. At the moment when they were all hurrying forward for that purpose, one of the men dressed in black arose, and the rest immediately resumed their seats. He leapt upon the shore, and walked backwards and forwards, whilst the passengers landed, till Don Manuel reached the bank, when he suddenly approached the astonished youth, showed him the badge which proved he belonged to the holy Inquisition, and arrested him, for having insulted religion, by speaking disrespectfully of its ministers. The other man in black, who had remained in the barge, to prevent Don Manuel from escaping by swimming, if he had been so disposed, now joined them, and a carriage having been easily procured,

the imprudent adventurer, with his two conductors, departed instantly for Madrid. Instead of betraying any signs of pity for the captive, or indignation at the oppressive tyranny which the ministers of the Inquisition had exercised over him; the whole company dispersed various ways, without even once looking behind them.

“ You asked our opinion of the strange conduct of your companions an hour ago ! ” exclaimed one of his treacherous attendants, “ I promised you should have it soon, and you now see by my actions that I am a man of my word. ” — “ I see you are a true servant of the holy Inquisition, ” Don Manuel replied, “ and if that information had reached me before, you may be sure caution would have taught more wisdom to my lips ; but if you thought my words criminal, no blame could undoubtedly be attached to those who conversed with me. Why then did they rush away from me, as though my very breath were poisonous ? ” — “ They did very right ; they knew us, for they had seen us a short time before in the exercise of our office, and they probably also knew that the just severity of our regulations requires, that whoever holds communication with an offender, should be considered as participating in his guilt. What can be more criminal than heresy, such as your’s, that represents the meritorious fastings and self-denial of our friars and prelates as the effect of superstition ? Such heresy not only blasts the future happiness of the soul in which it is fostered, but it spreads, unless checked

at its birth, over every credulous mind. Like a raging fire, you must fly away from its violence, or else be dangerously singed, if not burnt to death. Had not your neighbours, when they heard you expressing such diabolical sentiments, ceased to listen to your impious words, they must have attended us to Madrid, in order that severe penance, inflicted by the wisdom of the holy office, should purify their hearts and strengthen their faith."

Don Manuel had, as often as every other Spaniard, heard of the Inquisition; but he never thought he should give offence to its Ministers, who, provided you mention their names with a reverence bordering on adoration, hear mass regularly every morning, confess twice a week, bow to every Saint you perceive standing in his niche in the street, and wash your forehead with frequent ablutions of holy water, will seldom notice your adulterous amours, or the trespasses you commit against innocence and virtue. Now, that he had awakened their anger, he reflected on the horrid cruelties they exercise over offenders. His imagination already felt the pangs of torture, and the dread lest his intrigue with the Princess should be discovered, and rewarded with condign punishment increased his apprehensions and racked his mind. He remained silent during the rest of the journey. His hopes of future elevation seemed to have fled for ever; and for the first time in his life he thought it possible for his nurse's dreams to miscarry. He lost the very semblance of courage, and sank into a deep medita-

tion on the criminal errors of his youth, not with an intention of repairing them, should he survive the storm that burst over him, by a life consecrated to deeds of repentant virtue, but with regret at the unfortunate goal to which they threatened to lead him.

In a few hours the carriage entered Madrid, and in a few minutes the portals of the Inquisition were closed over Don Manual. His crime and his name were enregistered; and he was not displeased at perceiving that it was placed at the bottom of a long list of captives, charged with the same offence, and whose trials would of course take place before his. For his cowardice preferred a life spent in the darkness of a dungeon to a death that would set him for ever free. The whole attention of the Inquisitors was at that period engrossed by three cases of equal importance, that puzzled their wisdom, and called for the utmost severity of their justice. The first was that of a young man, of a noble family, and possessed of an ample fortune. After spending several years in serenading his mistress every night, fighting duels with all his rivals, and now and then being favoured with a look from her through the blinds of her window, or over the back of her chair at church, he had lately been blessed with her hand. A few days after their union, she imprudently revealed to a female friend, that she thought some traces of the circumcision remained in her husband. In a week the whole circle of her acquaintance was informed of the fact, and in a fortnight the Mi-

nisters of the Inquisition, desirous of ascertaining the truth of it, had taken the precaution of tearing him from the arms of his wife, and chaining him in a dungeon. The fact was proved; but the Judges were divided in opinion. Some thought that as he had been seen in Christian churches, had frequently confessed his sins, and received the sacrament, he could not be a Jew; whilst others maintained, that unless he could bring witnesses to declare that either disorder or accident had produced the fact, the testimony of his life was not to be credited, and he ought to be tortured into an avowal of his true belief, lacerated into Christianity, or burnt as an infidel.—The second case was that of a poor wretch, whom Spanish charity had long permitted to wander through the streets of the capital, torn with the pangs of hunger, and scarcely covered with rags, which promised fair in a short time to leave him in a state of utter nakedness. The keen glance of the chief Inquisitor himself had descried from the window of his carriage, which the mendicant had approached with the ill-founded hope of being relieved, that the *audacious* supplicant belonging to that unfortunate class, condemned among the Turks to guard the beauties of their seraglios, and among *polished* Europeans to warble forth melodious songs that belie the sadness of their hearts. He instantly fancied the wretch before him might be a Mussulman, sent him to inhabit one of the vaults of the Inquisition, supplied his wants with the bitter bread of captivity, and changed his rags for irons. The same indeci-

sion perplexed the councils of the Inquisitors ; some deemed him a follower of Mahomet, whilst others insisted on his being an Italian singer, but all agreed that torture alone could unfold the exact truth.—The third case was that of an opulent foreigner, who when admitted, through the particular favour of a nobleman, to view the *Nasimiento**, either through forgetfulness or design, did not bow before the chief images of which it is composed. He was soon after traduced as an heretic and a Protestant, and ever since Christmas had been confined within the prisons of the Inquisition. As he was far from his country, he could not bring forward any proofs to vindicate the purity of his faith, by examples gathered from the past, and his only probability of securing his life, and regaining his liberty, depended on his being able to drink twenty quarts of hot water without bursting, suffering burning torches to be applied to his arm-pits and the soles of his feet, without shrinking, and having his shoulders and

* *Nasimiento*, or birth. About the year 1770 the following manner of celebrating the birth of Our Saviour was invented :—One of the largest rooms of the King's palace at Madrid is fitted up to represent a landscape, or rather a whole country in miniature. In it we desery villages, noble buildings, woods, rivers, and even fleets, and an innumerable crowd of waxen figures, about a foot in height, dressed in the various costumes of all the nations of the world. Among them the Magi, attended by a large train of followers, and loaded with rich offerings, are seen adoring the divine child. The whole scene is lighted by thousands of wax candles artfully concealed from the sight. The *Nasimiento* remains open a fortnight after Christmas every year, but only to those whom the King is pleased to invite.

almost all the joints of his body dislocated, without belying his own conscience, and acknowledging himself guilty of a crime of which he even had no idea.

The time which these important and difficult trials necessarily engrossed, allowed Don Manuel many days and nights, and at last months to reflect on the pleasant prospects of futurity. But reflection had become hateful to him ; it was the fiend whose presence he dreaded most, and in order to drive it away, he continually fed his mind with loose and gross ideas ; and, when the intruding heaviness of his heart did not stifle his voice and paralyse his lips, would repeat one of his favourite songs, attended by the echo of the vaults alone. The nature of his soul was so abject, that he then regretted his guitar nearly as much as his liberty : like the unlettered vulgar who perceive no difference between the common language which they speak, and the most beautiful productions of poetical genius. This amusement, which soon strengthened into a habit, however, not only procured him a fleeting relief, but unexpectedly produced a change in his condition, which ultimately favoured his restoration to freedom. One of the inquisitors hurrying away from the room where an agonizing wretch was groaning on the rack of torture, passed by the dungeon in which Don Manuel was confined, at the moment when he sang one of the mountain lays of Estramadura. The inquisitor was a native of that province. His ears still filled with the execrations, howls of rage, and moans of pain

of the unfortunate victim of bigotted superstition, caught with rapture the melodious accents, that recalled, as through a powerful spell, the remembrance of his native land, the years of his infancy, and the pleasures of his youth. The horrors of the scene which he had left, the gloom of the passage in which he stood listening, and the solemnity of the hour, softened his heart to pity and gentleness. He inquired the name and crime of the prisoner; and thinking his offence had already been severely punished by a residence of four months in a dungeon, determined to gratify his own taste for music, and lighten the confinement of the youth. By his orders Don Manuel was removed to an upper apartment, supplied with books and a guitar, and once more marked the regular succession of day and night, by the return of light and darkness. He was not allowed, however, to converse with any one but his jailor or the inquisitor, when he was honoured with his visits: and to have attempted to burst his bonds and escape, or even to convey to his friends the knowledge of his situation, might have, if unsuccessfully done, caused him to appear foremost at an *auto-da-fé*.

It is time to leave him and return to the Princess of Asturias, whose intrigue, though secret, had not escaped the eye of female curiosity. It soon ran in whispers round the circle of courtly ladies, was revealed to their lovers, who repeated it to their friends, and thus afforded Charles III. a new opportunity of interrogating and threatening his

daughter-in-law. The very evening appointed for a rendezvous with Don Manuel in the garden of the Ila, she was forced to spend in the presence of the offended King, answering his questions and confronting some of her accusers. As she persisted in denying the charge, the Monarch required proofs to convince him of her guilt. Her foes exulting in the prospect of their fancied triumph, pointed out Don Manuel's abode, without being able to tell his name, and a detachment of Alguazils was immediately sent to burst open the doors of his house, and drag him to the palace. Conscious of his absence, but fearful lest he might be surprised at his return from the Ila, the Princess, with assumed tranquillity and feigned satisfaction, hastened the departure of the Alguazils, declaring that their search would fully vindicate her innocence. It proved fruitless, and the disappointment of her enemies threw them into such confusion that Charles III. began to think their accusations had been founded on maliciousness alone. In order, however, to prevent her from informing her lover, if she really had one, of the danger that menaced him, he resolved instantly to repair to Madrid, with the accused and the accusers. There he investigated the whole of this mysterious affair, but the well-timed, though forced absence of Don Manuel, closed every avenue to truth. The Princess was declared innocent of all the charges laid against her, and the ladies who had presumed to asperse her character, were banished for life from the metropolis.

Having thus secured her fame, and the impunity of her criminal intercourse with an artful youth, she endeavoured to trace out his retreat. Her spies, emboldened by her late triumph, now ranged the country more freely, renewed their inquiries with more zeal and activity, and yet failed in collecting the information which she longed to obtain. The officers of the regiment to which Don Manuel belonged, some through curiosity or interest, others through displeasure at being compelled to do his duty, had also taken every means in their power of ascertaining his fate, but had been equally unsuccessful. They began to fancy that he had either been murdered or drowned by accident, and but very few guessed that the imprudence of his words had betrayed him into the hands of the Inquisition. The Princess, who at first highly approved his prudence in concealing himself so closely, and attributed it to his fear of injuring her character and increasing the perils of her situation, grew seriously alarmed, when four months having elapsed, she remained equally ignorant of his abode as a few days after their separation. He might have sought a refuge near his brother Don Luis, but instead of a protector he might have found in him an incensed rival, and a treacherous stiletto instead of a sheltering roof: this thought made her shudder, as she reflected that her inconstancy alone could have caused a quarrel between both brothers, and that the blood of the victim, sacrificed to jealousy, would call aloud for vengeance on her guilty head.

At last, a small ray of hope flashed upon her grief. The Court, instead of retiring to San Ildefonso, as usual in August, had spent the whole summer at Madrid, which in consequence overflowed with Nobility. Every day new subjects were presented to the Sovereign, and the reception with which those distinguished by the graces of their persons, were favoured by the ladies, encouraged them to renew their visits. Among the most amiable, Don Pedro d'Alcantara appeared: the strength of manhood had not impaired in his frame the elegance of youth; his mind was more cultivated than that of the highest Grandees, for he was able to babble a few words of French, and it was reported he had read part of Virgil's *Æneid* whilst at school. His wit was keen, his manners easy, his temper warm, and his passions so violent as to mock the weak control of his reason: yet he knew how to wrap his countenance in well-dissembled coolness; and if I may be permitted to quote a sentence from a celebrated foreign, but forbidden*, author, he might have exclaimed in the sincerity of his heart—

“ Why, I can smile and murder while I smile,

“ And wet my cheeks with artificial tears,

“ And frame my face to all occasions.”

His greatest defect in the opinion of the Spanish ladies, was that he had no voice to sing, and could

* The perusal of the writings of most of the English, French and German authors, is strictly forbidden in Spain by the Inquisition, as likely to injure the faith of the readers.

play upon no instrument, not even the guitar, with which the humblest lover among the lower classes is able to win the affection of his mistress. But his wit and liveliness made up for that deficiency, and not being able to delight his friends with his melody, he had the art, by incessant jokes or bursts of laughter, to prevent them from listening to that of others.

This gentleman had heard of the accusations levelled at the Princess, and as he fancied, like another forbidden author, that

“ Every woman is at heart a rake,”

he had no doubt but she had bribed witnesses to prove her innocence, and blind the severity of her judges. Conscious, like Don Manuel, that a single error, crime, or vice, breeds a thousand, he found the means of being introduced to her, and formed a fixed determination of trying whether he could not fill up the place of her absent or concealed lover. He had reached Aranjuez, the day before the Court left it so precipitately, with the intention of being presented to the King. A letter which recalled him suddenly near the bed of a dying parent, hindered him from repairing immediately to Madrid; and as the road lay along the Banks of the Tagus, he preferred the water to travelling by land. It was to him Don Manuel addressed the speech that called down the vengeance of the Inquisition, and it was he whose rude but wise caution had so much offended the imprudent youth.

One evening, after having entertained a chosen party at the Princess of Asturias with numberless anecdotes, invented by his own imagination, or collected from the conversation of others, he thought that an account of Don Manuel's arrest, his unreflecting conduct, astonishment and anger, might amuse the ladies. He therefore began by describing the way in which a young officer, for he knew not his name, had been taken up in the barge, then his person, repeated his words, not without looking round to ascertain that no inquisitorial face was near, and added whatever might render the story more striking and more amusing. Flattered by the attention which the Princess seemed to pay to his narrative, he proceeded farther than his own knowledge allowed, and finished by exclaiming, he doubted not the silly youngster was then lamenting bitterly in the dungeons of the Madrid Inquisition, the consequence of his dangerous want of thought.

Convinced by this relation, that Don Manuel was still in existence, though a captive, exposed to the unmerciful cruelty of the ministers of the Holy Office, the Princess disguised her feelings, but as soon as the company had withdrawn, sent for her dear, and now more than ever useful, Señora de Truxillo. Having entrusted her with the information which chance had unfolded to her knowledge, she gave her strict orders, to employ only the most faithful and active spies, in whom she could place unbounded confidence, to dive

into the secrets of the Inquisition, penetrate into its cheerless cells, and devise the best means to regain Don Manuel's liberty.

Donna Mendocia, though she might lay claim to the title of "an Antiquity," the justice of which no one would have denied, entered with as much spirit into the intrigues of another, as she may be supposed to have done when she was their object herself. She instantly called her two nephews, the only ministers she dared to employ in this difficult and dangerous undertaking; and after a short consultation, learning that one of them was acquainted with a superior officer belonging to the Inquisition, commanded him by artful questions, and, if necessary and possible, by promises, to ascertain, whether Don Manuel were a prisoner at Madrid.

Two days had not elapsed, when the eldest, Don Juan, informed her, that his friend had willingly offered to gratify his curiosity, not only by revealing the names of their captives, but showing him their features, in the different cells in which they were chained. That for this purpose, he made him assume a dress similar to his own, and also a mask; then led him along the winding subterraneous passages, opened every iron door, the thickness of which could not intercept the loud moanings of despair, and unveiled the features of misery and suffering to his sight. That he had sought for Don Manuel in vain, but neither perceived his face nor heard his name mentioned.

The next day, Donna Mendocia's second ne-

nephew informed her, that having discovered that one of the chief Inquisitors paid his addresses in secret to a certain Lady, in whose house young men were always welcome visitors, he had easily bribed her into his interest, without revealing any thing that might endanger the security of the Princess. That she had promised to make the inquiries he requested, and had appointed the evening to give him an account of these results.

Her arts triumphed over the secrecy of her lover, and she obtained the important information, that Don Manuel, whose name was known to the friendly Inquisitor alone, was really a prisoner, but neither confined in a dungeon, nor the sport of torturing fiends. That in all probability his trial would not take place before a year; that his musical talents had been the cause of his improved situation, and that he had no objection to afford her an opportunity of judging whether they did not deserve the highest commendations.

Armed with this pleasing intelligence, Donna Mendocia hastened to impart it to the Princess, whose presence she had avoided, as long as she had no hopes of allaying her apprehensions. A valuable diamond ring was her reward; and her nephew was admitted and empowered to make tempting offers to the Inquisitor, through the means of his favourite lady, without mentioning the source whence they sprang till his determination should be known.

This Inquisitor, *el padre* Don Agustin de Goya, was a strict observer of the most important duties

of his religion. By his command, and at his own expence, six wax tapers were kept continually burning before the image of every saint in all the churches of Madrid. Four times every week he sat in the confessional, and lent a willing ear to the sins of all ranks of people; he superintended the spiritual concerns of most of the convents of nuns in the Metropolis; sent four times regularly every year messengers to Rome, to inquire into the health of the Father of the church, wore a rosary, the beads of which were made of lead with iron points, and was deemed the holiest man in the whole city, if not in the whole kingdom. Such an excellent character would have despised common bribes. Gold could not win his favour, for he was the treasurer of his order, and had an inexhaustible store of wealth at his disposal. Like Paris, he could not be tempted with beauty, for there were very few ladies celebrated for their charms, whose conscience was not under his direction. Ambition, not under the shape of a vulture, preying upon carcasses in the fields of war, but under the assumed plumage of a dove, holding an olive branch, the signal of heavenly peace, had seduced his soul, and subjected it to the power of temptation. The honours of the ecclesiastical state, the refulgent splendour of a mitre, the sheltering roundness of a Cardinal's hat, and the distant but not unattainable *tiara*, were prospects that engrossed all the faculties of his religious mind. Informed of his ardent wish, that such vir-

tue, as he frankly owned he possessed, should be exalted to the first dignities of the church, and that in order to fulfil that truly pious end, the man of godliness thought a secret breach of his duty towards men, commonly styled fraud, totally harmless. The Princess of Asturias bought her favourite's liberty, with a promise of disburdening all her sins into the ear of the worthy *padre* Don Agustin alone, and promoting his interest. Two days after the treaty had been concluded, and the subordinate agent's mouth gagged with gold, Don Manuel, after six months spent in confinement, suddenly re-appeared on the stage of social life, to the great mortification of some inferior officers, who, after many intrigues and quarrels among themselves, to obtain his situation, found all their troubles useless.

The Princess prudently concealed her joy, and the first interview took place at the Duchess of Alva's, where a large circle was assembled. She enquired, with feigned curiosity, into the cause of his long absence, laughed at the description he gave of his sudden arrest, advised him another time to be more prudent, and finished, by presenting him to the gentleman who had so abruptly declined the pleasure of his conversation in the barge. Don Pedro made a polite apology for his conduct; the Duchess invited Don Manuel to reside beneath her roof, where he would be less exposed to a visit from the ministers of the Inquisition, for some future offence of which she doubted not he would

soon be guilty, but the necessity of attending to his military duties, gave him a plea to refuse her kindness, which would have fettered his actions.

Love in a Spaniard's soul, is inseparably united with jealousy. The latter, indeed, is so natural to our countrymen, that it sometimes devours their hearts during the absence of the former. Its dreadful effects, our folly has made known to all the world; but few, except eye-witnesses, are acquainted with its watchfulness, and that sort of unerring instinct which *feels* a rival the first time we meet him, and even before he has opened his lips in our presence. Perhaps nature has endowed us with more expressive features than the rest of men, the eloquence of which transcends that of the tongue. But be that as it may, Don Pedro had no sooner darted a lightning glance at Don Manuel and the Princess, than he knew the *truth* of the accusations over which she had lately triumphed. He had a rival, but considering him as a child, the momentary toy of a faithless woman, he expected his manhood and the superiority of his education, would soon raise him in the estimation of the Princess above a youth of nineteen. Bent upon conquest, he had never displayed so much animation; his wit flashed incessantly, the whole attention of the company was fixed upon him, and every mouth echoed his praise. Don Manuel, whose intellectual powers were unable to contend with such an antagonist, sank disregarded into silence, and the dreams of his nurse were on the point

of remaining for ever unfulfilled, when the Princess, who had penetrated into Don Pedro's intentions, resolved to afford her lover an opportunity of humbling his rival. "How serious you look, Manuel," she exclaimed, "Do you suspect any of us to be servants of the Holy Inquisition, disguised for the purpose of watching your words, and depriving you once more of your liberty? Shake off the gloom that wraps your face. The bird, who bursts the bondage of his cage, warbles aloud the joys of freedom. Have you lost the power or the will of singing? Have you, in a fit of despair, broken your guitar? Take yonder instrument, and let us once more hear one of your native country's songs."

Both Cavaliers caught the meaning of this speech as it was intended, the one as an encouragement to exert himself, the other as a reproof for his exertions. Don Manuel instantly seized the guitar, and without allowing his rival any time for a witticism, poured forth the most ravishing strains of vocal harmony. Even jealousy was hushed by admiration; and when he had ceased, loud peals of general applause shook the hall. Every lady thought herself entitled to require a song, and music now forming the only amusement of the evening, Don Pedro found himself sinking fast into insignificance. The Princess, who enjoyed his mortification, encreased it by forcing him to utter praises, which he would have gladly turned into curses: till unable to check the violence of his

passion, he abruptly withdrew, to meditate on disappointed love, ambition, and revenge.

Don Manuel was obliged to repair at an early hour to the barracks of his regiment, he therefore took his leave, shortly after his rival, and had scarcely turned the corner of the wall that encircles the Duchess of Alva's extensive gardens, when a blow from a heavy bludgeon nearly brought him to the ground. Although he had not the courage of a Spaniard, he had the pride, and would have highly preferred a wise retreat, to the degrading necessity of drawing his sword against plebeians armed with clubs, conscious that a gentleman (as he was now become) ought to avoid holding any intercourse whatever with such low wretches; but the blows fell too frequent on his shoulders, not to demonstrate that a vigorous resistance was the only means of preserving life. After having thus pondered, till the smarting of his back awoke his courage, he at last drew his sword, but was instantly disarmed and thrown down by his masked assailants. "What more must he suffer," exclaimed one of the villains? "what, no orders?" "Make him a perfect singer," answered another, whose voice, had not Don Manuel's ears been nearly closed with terror, he would have known was his rival's, "and then leave him at liberty, that he may charm his mistress with his songs." As they were about to put this order into execution, the noise of a carriage and trampling of horses, caused the

murderers to leave their victim, whose screams they were unable to suppress. Though stiff with the blows which he had received, he started from the ground, and hastened to meet the carriage, which proved that of the Princess, who was returning to her palace. Having informed her of the danger to which he had been exposed, her fears for him overbalanced every other consideration; she admitted him into her carriage, and in order to baffle the revengeful plans of his foe, conveyed him to Donna Mendocia's house, where he might live retired and secure. As she doubted not but that Don Pedro was the chief person concerned in this dastardly exploit, she forbade him her presence, and thus embittered instead of assuaging his hate.

The bruises which Don Manuel had received, confined him several days to his bed; for this great man, who now bears unawed the burden of public affairs, and is grown the Atlas of the State, joined in his youth with the light disposition, the weak nerves and constitution of a woman. Some say that the fear of meeting his terrible enemy was the only cause of his confinement; but ought the General, who boldly undertook in after-years, the subjugation of Portugal, be branded with cowardice? The next time he ventured out, however, his *weakness* required that he should be attended by a guide, and it was not till after repeated trials of his strength, that he one evening graced the Prado with his presence. Long had he admired the elegant forms of the ladies that seemed to glide

among the trees like midnight fairies veiled in dew, when he perceived Don Pedro d'Alcantara walking along the wall of the botanical garden, at a short distance before him. He was alone, but on that very account more dangerous, and Don Manuel was hastening away with all the velocity he could exert, without exciting wonder in the spectators of his retreat, when his rival turned round, and noticing him, called him by his name, holding out his hand as a friend. The last circumstance astonished, but at the same time pleased Don Manuel, who forgetting, or rather concealing his animosity, returned his pledge of friendship. They now walked arm in arm, conversing on various subjects, as though no ground of contention remained between them; when after inquiring whether he were totally recovered from his late indisposition, Don Pedro asked his rival whether he suspected any one in particular to be the director of the manual correction that had been inflicted upon him. To this question Manuel thought prudence required he should answer no; when Don Pedro frankly exclaimed, "It was I, my dear friend, who could not resist the wish of thus rewarding you for the preference which the Princess blindly displayed towards you. I have sought you some time to tell you so, and as now my anger is blown over, to offer you the reparation to which you undoubtedly, as an officer, a gentleman, and above all, a Spaniard, are entitled. Name the place, the sword is of course the only weapon truly

“ brave men will employ, and let us settle whether
“ the incumbrance of seconds be necessary. They
“ are a troublesome gentry, who start with terror
“ at the first drop of blood that falls to the ground,
“ and almost always preserve the lives of both
“ combatants; as if amusement, and not death,
“ had been their aim. When shall we meet, Don
“ Manuel? the hour, the spot, are yours.”

A sudden giddiness caused the astonished youth to lean for support on the arm of his challenger, who told him to beware, that such giddinesses would be dangerous in a duel, and might hasten his fall. He then politely renewed his questions, declaring, that were not the military dress a pledge of courage, he would not have hesitated in calling a coward, and kicking, publicly, any man who would have delayed his answer so long. The dread of being exposed in public, and losing the affections of the Princess, determined Don Manuel to fix the next morning for the time, and the fields behind the Palace of Buen Retiero, for the place of meeting and action. His reason for selecting this spot, was the hope that the Princess, who then inhabited that old edifice, might be informed that a duel was about to be fought on her grounds, and by her timely opposition prevent its taking place. According to Don Pedro's wish, no seconds were chosen to attend the fight.

Situated in the midst of delightful gardens, that form extensive and varied landscapes, the Palace of Buen Retiero, gloomy with antiquity, and built

without taste, may be compared to a single dark cloud frowning in an otherwise serene sky. It commands an extensive prospect of groves, lawns, hermitages, and pieces of water teeming with fish, and lies at the extremity of the Prado. There, early in the morning, the two rivals repaired. Don Manuel fixed upon a spot which could be descried from the windows of the Princess's apartment, and after delaying the fatal moment as long as he could, was compelled at last to begin the fight.

The skill of his antagonist filled him with apprehension, and yet his sword inflicted the first wound on Don Pedro's arm. Here he would have stopped, but his enraged adversary exclaimed, "am I a woman, that you should spare me? I never shrank from blood, not even when my own was shed, and shall a boy now conquer me?" Saying this, he rushed forward so unguardedly, that Don Manuel's sword passed through his side, and he fell grievously wounded to the ground. The gamekeeper of the Princess had contemplated the battle from a distant arbour, he now approached and offered his assistance to the conqueror, who placed Don Pedro in his hands, and hastily withdrew.

The Princess was soon informed of the duel and its issue; she now exulted in the valour of her knight, and took advantage of his having fought on her land, to present him to the Prince of Asturias, as a brave officer who deserved promotion.—The cause of the quarrel remained a secret, known

to none but the three persons interested in it, and as Don Pedro's recovery seemed certain, his rival found it unnecessary to seek for safety in flight. The weak and credulous Prince of Asturias hastened to gratify the wishes of his *faithful* spouse, and raised Don Manuel to the rank of a captain in his regiment.

From this time, like the serpent that slowly uncoils its scaly length before it stings the hand that bursts its sleep, his fortune unfolded itself, till it enabled him at last to prey on the vitals of his country, and revel in oppressive power and dishonourably acquired opulence. The Prince of Asturias was weak, but capable of forming a strong attachment, though not of selecting a worthy person on whom to bestow his affection. Secretly deceived by his wife, who ranked next to the chace in his estimation, he loved her too much not to resign his liberty into her hands, and admit her friends into his intimacy, without pondering over their merits, or inquiring into their birth and their conduct. The spirit of chivalry, which ridicule has long since banished from the greatest part of Europe, has found a refuge in Spain. It does not crowd the land with errant knights, it is true, who redress the wrongs of the oppressed, and boldly threaten the whole universe with a challenge, unless it hastens to acknowledge the peerless beauty of a single lady; but it kindles in every soul the flame of romantic honour; it points out courage as the greatest virtue, and bids it shed splendour over

the cause of vice and injustice. The laws of the country menace the being who, in a private duel, *honourably* murders a fellow-creature, but every Spanish heart grants him forgiveness, every hand is gladly extended to shelter his head from punishment, and every fair one welcomes him with applauding smiles. The Prince of Asturias, like his countrymen and future subjects, was dazzled by a display of valour, more than by the effusions of genius, the gems of science, or the modest brilliancy of peaceful virtue. He consequently warmly espoused Don Manuel's interests, presented him to the proudest Grandees of the State; and in order that he might attend him in the chace, gave him, a fortnight after he had been acquainted with his *perfections*, a valuable Andalusian courser, which he had often mounted himself on a similar occasion.

The courtiers, who on account of the advanced age of the reigning Monarch, began to gather round the Prince, his heir, did not behold Don Manuel Godoy's rising influence without jealousy. The pride of the nobility was offended, for after a secret but active search for the origin of his family, they were baffled by the obscurity in which it was enveloped, and could not even discover whether his birth gave him a right to the title of *Don* which he assumed. In order to force him to clear up that important point, they wrote a letter to the Prince, signed by twenty of the most ancient names in the kingdom, advising his Highness humbly to ascertain whether the young officer, in whose for-

tune he seemed so deeply interested, were not a plebeian, and consequently unworthy of so sublime a patronage, before he introduced him to the noblest families of Spain, and lavished favours upon him.

This letter was carried by the Duke of ———, and the Marquès de ———, to the levee of the Prince, and delivered whilst Don Manuel was present. The Prince read it with a smile, and presenting it to his favourite, told him, he trusted he was able to answer it to the satisfaction of its authors; but perceiving his blushes and agitation whilst perusing it, added, “at all events *I* will, “The colonel of my regiment has been killed in a “duel, I give you his place, Manuel, it raises you “to the class of Ousia,* and if necessary, letters of “nobility will be ready for you to-morrow.” Don Manuel fell at the feet of his benefactor, and stung with a momentary remorse, vowed inwardly he never more would listen to the seductions of the Princess, for he now forgot how arduously he himself had toiled to win her affections. The two Grandees, disappointed in the consequences of their application, were compelled to hide their grief beneath a smiling face, and the crowd of courtiers always ready to adore the idol of princely favour, loudly applauded Don Manuel’s elevation.

The Princess was overjoyed at the unexpected promotion of her lover, as it was bestowed without

* This class is composed of the counsellors of Castile, the highest members of the law, and colonels in the army.

her interference, it could not awaken a suspicion of their connexion; and as she saw he now possessed her husband's friendship and esteem, she left it to his own care to improve his fortune supported by her advice, and sent him a message to meet her in one of the hermitages at Buen Retiero. Don Manuel, for the first time in his life, hesitated in obeying her commands, his gratitude for the Prince withheld him, and he declined her invitation.— Astonished at this refusal, and fearful lest her love should be repaid with inconstancy, she wrote an angry letter, in which she threatened the *ungrateful* youth with her vengeance, unless he attended to her summons, and explained his conduct. The revolution of twenty-four hours had already weakened Don Manuel's resolution, he repaired to the appointed spot, and revealed the scruples which had prevented him from yielding his usual obedience to the wishes of the Princess; but which she represented as the weak fancies of discontented youth, strictly forbidding him to entertain such notions in future.

Two years of undisturbed prosperity followed the preceding events. Don Manuel enjoyed the boundless confidence of the Prince of Asturias, and wealth flowed abundantly into his coffers. The Grandees, who despised the obscurity of his origin, witnessed his undeserved influence over the heir to the crown, with the feelings of a man who sees his rival wedding the lady whom he loves; but their enmity was useless, and they prudently treated him

with cool civility. The Princess, whose love now ceased to glow with the fire of novelty, felt it melting insensibly into a kind of motherly affection, which she had never experienced for her own children. The empire, which she exercised over her husband, the once humble Godoy now possessed over her own mind. His will was the rule of all her actions, and those of the Prince, and he now would have disposed of all the charges of the kingdom for his relations and friends, had not Charles III. still held the reins of the Spanish monarchy. His ambition soared on an eagle's wing. He easily persuaded both his patrons, that marriage was indispensably necessary to consolidate his fortune; and, with unparalled audacity, paid his addresses to a Princess of the Royal Family, a cousin to the Prince of Asturias. Notwithstanding the opposition of the nobility, who secretly cautioned that lady against degrading the royal blood, by marrying a subject and an upstart; he finished by accomplishing his purpose, although Charles III. refused to confirm this unsuitable match. This event struck dismay into the hearts of all the Grandees, who still possessed a spirit sufficiently independent not to bow before the towering elevation of one of fortune's favourite sons. They loudly murmured; and sullenly retired from a court, stained by the presence of an intruder from the lowest rank. But their murmurs could not recall the past, and their retreat left the field opened to the ambition of Don Manuel and his partisans, whom success gathered in large numbers around him.

Such was the aspect of affairs at Court, when in the year 1788, the death of Charles III. raised the Prince and Princess of Asturias to the throne of Spain. The former under the title of Charles IV. The chief nobility of the kingdom were assembled for the coronation, and vainly hoped that the new monarch would not insult the whole body, by displaying a blind preference towards his favourite. The ceremony, and the rejoicings with which it was attended, were no sooner over than he created the appointment of adjutant-general of the life guards for Don Manuel, and sent his royal pardon to his brother, who still lingered in Estramadura, with orders to come to Madrid, and the commission of a colonel in the guards.

The meeting of the new Queen of Spain with Don Luis Godoy, excited no apprehensions, save in the mind of the former, who feared lest his jealousy might long for vengeance over his brother. But as he had never been acquainted with the name and rank of his protectress, he betrayed no consciousness of her past favours and her letters in her presence, and she thought it more prudent to imitate his silence.

Terrified at the spreading influence of the upstart and his family, the nobles tried once more whether their remonstrances would check the baneful effects of their monarch's blind partiality towards him. But the foundations of his power were too deeply laid; open violence could not overthrow, and secret intrigues could not undermine

them. His credit did not rest on a passing gust of popularity, it was planted in the *hearts* of both his sovereigns. There it flourished above the reach of hatred; it grew amidst difficulties, like the mountain fir, though torrents and storms rage around its native rocks. The remonstrances of the nobles tended to prove, that a king should not bestow his favours on a man whose birth entitled him to contempt, and whose actions had not deserved applause. That the nobility in other lands, were deemed the support of the throne, and ought not to be doomed in Spain, to the humiliating alternative, either of crouching at the feet of a plebeian, or else, forsaking the Court in which they were intended by nature and the constitution of the state to shine.

Charles IV. heard their reasons with a degree of attention, which flattered their pride with hopes of success. He then repaired to the Queen's apartment, where, having found Don Manuel, he imparted to them the object of the application he had received. After a short consultation, he returned to the audience hall, and replied to the deputies; "that the nobility of Spain formed, in his opinion, "the most respectable body, not only of the state, "but of the whole universe; that the justice of "their claim to a pre-eminence in his affection and "esteem, could not be disputed, and that he was "about to take a step that would display the extent of his love and respect for them, and which "he doubted not would meet with universal approbation. That they should no more have any

“ cause to complain of any preference being shewn
“ to a plebeian, and that none but noblemen, should
“ ever fill the seats of government.” He then declared, that he created Don Manuel Godoy de Alvarez a Grandee of Spain of the first class, and bestowed upon him, with the title of Duke, the royal domains of Alcadia and the charge of Lieutenant-General. That letters of nobility were granted to all his family, and that having done so much to appease the complaints of the highest class of his subjects, he expected and commanded they should never be repeated.

The deputies were confounded at this unexpected intelligence, which, had it not proceeded from the lips of the King, they would have deemed invented for the purpose of mocking their fears. They respectfully withdrew and spread the afflicting news among their relations and friends, who with all those who could look back two hundred years without blushing at the *plebeian* employments or appellations of their ancestors, joined in the general dirge for the fallen honour of the nobility. But the voice of sorrow soon uttered the accents of rage, when the consequences of the new-created Duke's elevation were felt. His power was now become resistless. Charles IV. wore the crown, but the Duke of Alcadia wielded the sceptre. Charles IV. signed edicts and laws with his name, but Godoy dictated them. Charles IV. granted places and dignities, but only to those whom Godoy and the Queen had selected. Conscious that he was hated by the offend-

ed and revengeful Grandees, the latter by degrees deprived them of the offices which they filled, to bestow them on men whose fidelity was secured by their dependence on him alone. Some were satisfied to sell their friendship for a bribe. Others were pacified, and at the same time removed from Court, where they might have attempted to hurt his credit, by the Government of a distant province. Liberal pensions were allowed to the most avaricious, on condition they should live in the country in a voluntary banishment from the capital. Those whom neither gold nor advancement could enslave, whose bold independence shrunk at the upstart's offers of patronage, were disgraced as foes to their country and their Sovereign. His power did not sport with the highest ranks alone: the first gentlemen and the lowest menials of the royal Palace were changed, and replaced by his partisans. The offices of the Ministers of State experienced the same alteration; they were crowded with new secretaries, clerks, and messengers, who all boasted the Duke of Alcadia for their patron.

Having thus crushed the very seeds of opposition, his encroaching authority grasped at absolute dominion. He knew that he had not deserved the esteem of the nation at large, and that his party, though numerous, could not breed a civil war, and raise him through violence to a blood-stained throne: his soul, though fired with ambition, felt itself unequal to the execution of such a vast and dangerous design; he therefore prudently contented

himself with the appearance of filling only the second rank in the State, with the name of a subject, whilst in reality he occupied the first, and over-ruled his weak monarch. So unbounded was the exercise of his sway, that he forbade any Spaniard to appear before either of their Majesties without asking and obtaining his permission, and this tyrannical command was strictly obeyed.

Surrounded with opulence, placed at the head of the royal treasury, and exalted high above the noblest members of the most ancient families of Spain, united by marriage with the royal family, his Sovereign's cousin, once the lover, now the friend of the Queen of Spain, and her husband's favourite, the Duke of Alcadia remembered the dreams of his nurse. Ever since he had been a prisoner of the Holy Inquisition, the gloom of the dungeon in which he was first confined, and the terrors of threatening torture had increased the superstitious bent of his mind. It now betrayed itself into childish credulity. Persuaded that dreams are truths revealed to the slumbering soul, but only understood by a few privileged beings, he fancied that the prophetic visions of his nurse, so exactly fulfilled by the course of events, entitled her to be ranked among that chosen and valuable few. She was still occupied in gratifying the curiosity of the inhabitants of Badajoz when he sent for her to Madrid. On her arrival, he gave her an apartment in his Palace, allowed her a yearly income

of four thousand dollars, and created her his Dream Interpreter.

The first occupation of this wise Minister of State in the morning, has ever since been to write down his dreams whilst they are still fresh in his memory. The important paper which contains a faithful account of his nightly visions, is then sent to his nurse, who describes the meaning of every particular in an answer which must always be returned before the evening sets. As to the idle phantasies of his brains caused by the fumes of wine, (in which however he does not indulge intemperately) during his afternoon slumbers, he either disregards them as futile, or they baffle the science of his nurse, who is not able to unfold their signification.

One evening as he had retired to his study, and locked the door, as he always does when engaged in so serious a business, to read, secure from interruption, the explanation of one of his most incoherent and therefore promising dreams, he was astonished on opening the paper, to find that its contents had no connexion with the subject which he had sent for investigation. His first thought was that the wits of his aged interpreter had failed, and that he would be deprived of her future exertions of divinatory talent. But on a second perusal he discovered so much order in the ideas, and such deep remarks on the meaning of the lightest shadows of a dream, that he doubted not but his nurse was still in full possession of her judgment. He ordered her to be brought before him, and with

a frown of anger which she had never witnessed before, bade her solve the mystery of the paper which he held. The consciousness of having disobeyed his commands kept her silent awhile, but the threat of a fortnight's close confinement loosed her tongue, and she trembling owned that the Duchess of Alcadia having heard of her science, had sent her a dream to explain; that notwithstanding he had forbidden her to display her art in favour of any other person but himself, she had presumed to gratify the wishes of the Duchess, who certainly could not be deemed a stranger. The Duke reproved her severely; commanded her, unless she preferred dragging the close of her days in misery, never to be guilty of the same breach of her duty towards him, and having received her oath, dismissed her with a promise of continuing to grant her the same yearly allowance, till the first offence she should commit, when it would be entirely withdrawn.

The Queen of Spain who had long ceased to regard the ties of matrimony as sacred, and whose passions were no longer checked by the fear of offending her Royal Father-in-law, who now lay asleep in the tomb, ceased to conceal the partiality she felt for the Duke of Alcadia from the public gaze. He was permitted to attend her to the theatre, and always filled a seat in her box at bull fights, and in her barge in her summer excursions on the Tagus. When the Court repaired to Aranjuez, or San Ildefonso, an apartment was

always prepared for his reception in the Royal Palace, and yet whilst the whole nation beheld and lamented the dishonour of their King, blinded by ill-placed affection, that Prince heaped new favours upon the instrument of his shame, and resigned to his hands the sceptre of empire and the sword of justice. The Duchess of Alcadia grieved in secret at her husband's infidelity, and sometimes would even burst into loud reproaches, but he generally silenced her by pointing out the inevitable necessity of not exasperating the Queen against him, by a proud disdain of her kindness, as she who had raised him to the superior rank which he filled, could easily overthrow the edifice of his fortune.

Ever since his confinement in the cells of the Inquisition, Don Manuel's mind had become the sport of superstitious terrors, which he endeavoured to assuage, by paying the strictest obedience to the smallest injunctions of his religion. Its outward duties he scrupulously fulfilled, hoping thus to obtain forgiveness for his neglect of the internal and moral ones. Prejudice, religious and national, and equally unreasonable and illiberal, perverted his judgment and ruled all his actions. A true Spaniard, whose soul is as noble as his birth, though conscious of the superiority which his nation possesses over the rest of mankind, is too modest to betray that consciousness before foreigners, lest he should hurt their feelings. By the same reason a true Catholic, though fully persuaded that his belief is the best, will not boast of its super-excellence in

the common intercourse of social life, before men who unfortunately differ from his tenets. But the Duke of Alcadia not only despised every foreigner, but delighted in overwhelming them under the visible marks of his contempt. All those who had seceded from the Church of Rome, he loudly and frequently declared (in their presence) were the children of the devil, unfit to be trusted in this world, and doomed to everlasting torments in the next.

This constant display of illiberality and superstition, which in every other polished country would have met with universal detestation, won the approbation of the Spanish Clergy, and secured to the Duke of Alcadia the warm patronage of the Inquisition. This institution, which the vengeance of Heaven cannot fail one day, without a total dereliction of justice, to overtake and destroy, still possesses a power far superior to that of our Monarchs, since the legal and barbarous murders of which it is incessantly guilty, are committed without even interrogating the Royal will, and submitting the supposed crimes, on which the sentence of death is founded, to the knowledge of the King. This unbounded authority is the more fatal as it is exerted secretly; as it requires no witnesses to substantiate invidious allegations, but dives for proofs of guilt into the sufferings of its victims, and their ways of supporting the most excruciating tortures; as though the screams of bodily anguish, were the bursting accents of accusing conscience, and the

frenzied glance of agony, the self-betraying look of crime ! The humblest shed of poverty placed in the most distant province of the Spanish Monarchy, beneath the roof of which the words which I am now writing should be read aloud, would ere long feel the crushing vengeance of that tribunal, that, like the lightning, destroys before its approach is seen. The loftiest dwelling of opulence would be exposed to the same danger. Individual security is unknown in Spain, except to those who, like the Duke of Alcadia, sacrifice the noblest attributes of the human mind, reason and independence of thought, at the shrine of Inquisitorial *infallibility* : or the infamous wretches who do not shrink from the horrid task of torturing helpless innocence. The numerous convents and nunneries with which our country abounds, are the chief pillars of that establishment, and the ignorance of the mass of the people, and indifference or want of power of our own Sovereign, the causes of its too long protracted existence.

Mindful of the promise with which she had bought Don Manuel's liberty from one of the Reverend Inquisitors at Madrid, the Princess of Asturias had rewarded him with the post of her Confessor, and since her elevation to the throne had compelled her husband to select him for the same purpose. The Duke of Alcadia who wished to secure his friendship, had also humbly implored him to listen to the relation of his sins, and in order that his piety should meet with the approbation of

the Holy Office, never failed to repair to the Confessional every Saturday, and by his deep contrition to deserve and obtain absolution from the Reverend Padre.

Till now we have seen our hero acting only in a circumscribed sphere; we have followed him through the intrigues of his youth, when his exertions did not extend at once beyond the attainment of a single object. We have watched his slow approaches towards grandeur during the life of Charles III. and his rapid strides to almost absolute dominion at the death of this Monarch: but he still was pursuing one single object. We now shall behold him standing in the most conspicuous situation in which a private individual can be placed, and attempting to signalize his imbecility as a Minister and a Warrior.

The eventful period of the French Revolution was beginning to dawn, and the difficulties and dangers in which the Court of France, allied by blood to that of Spain, was involved, produced a deep sensation in the latter. The resolution displayed by the other Powers of the Continent to rise in arms against the rebellious nation, and save the life, or avenge the death of its King, inspired Charles IV. and his favourite Godoy, with a momentary enthusiasm in the cause of justice and honour, which led them to join in the almost general declaration of war against the Republicans.

No sooner had this step been taken than, in 1793,

the Grand Council of Castile, that boasted the Count d'Aranda for its president, after mature deliberations resolved, that the most effective plan to avenge the murder of the French Monarch, was to remain on the defensive, and guard strongly the passes of the Pyrenées. The Duke of Alcadia thundered loudly against the pusillanimity of that resolve, and urged so vehemently, the necessity of invading France, that Charles IV. commanded that his army should march without delay; and in order to punish its cowardice, dissolved the Council of Castile. Count d'Aranda, who had firmly stood for defensive operations, was disgraced and banished to Saragossa.

This triumph over his political antagonists seemed to the sanguine mind of the *warlike* Godoy, but a faint omen of the glory which the ensuing campaign promised to shed over his head. Having fixed the plan of invasion, established magazines of ammunition and arms, and collected all the forces which he thought necessary for the purpose, he commanded them to go forth and conquer: Unwilling to hazard his fame all at once, he permitted Count de l'Union to gather the first laurels at the head of the army, intending as soon as success had crowned the valour of his countrymen, to reward their exploits with his presence.

In order to show how destiny, if we must acknowledge the iron power of that relentless Goddess, or Providence, if unlike the wise legions of modern philosophers, we believe in the mild and

beneficent tenets of the Gospel, sports with the weak plans of men, and humbles their pride, a short account of that interesting campaign will recall too *pleasant* thoughts to the Spanish reader, to be deemed by him intrusive and misplaced.

Having crossed the passes of the Pyrenées, without meeting with any opposition, and taken possession of Ceret, this army boldly advanced towards Bayonne, with the intention of besieging the town and the strong fortress by which it is defended. But they had not proceeded farther than St. Jean de Luz, ten miles from the tempting object they had in view, when they were met by the French, who very uncivilly took the liberty of defeating them, and making three regiments prisoners. In April, 1794, they were compelled to abandon Ceret, and during the same month partly re-entered Spain, leaving the town of Urgel, in the province of Catalonia, in the power of the French General Dagobert. The successor of this General, who was killed by a cannon ball, Dugommier, treated them with still more unkindness, for on the 1st of May he deprived them of 2000 prisoners, 200 pieces of cannon, their camp and all their magazines and equipages. The spirit of the Duke of Alcadia seemed to inspire the army which he had sent forth to conquer, for a few days after the last defeat, 7000 Spanish warriors *bravely* laid down their arms at Collioure, before the Republicans.

The surrender of St. Elmo, and Port Vendies

to the same general, completed the *success* of our troops in that quarter. The French had divided their forces into two armies, that of the Western Pyrenées, and that of the Eastern Pyrenées, commanded by General Doppet. The latter had, as we have seen, penetrated into Spain, and on the 14th of June, 1794, reached Campredon, a town of Catalonia, 50 miles distant from Barcelona, the capital of that province. Bellegarde, however, remained unsubdued, though besieged by the valiant Dugommier; and Count de l'Union, who had lately received reinforcements of auxiliaries from Africa, attempted to relieve it, hoping, if successful, to be able to cut off the retreat of the advanced division under Doppet. For this purpose, on the 13th of August, he attacked the Republicans, who, though at first repulsed, gained the day, and killed 2500 of our unfortunate countrymen. A few days afterwards, the town and the garrison, consisting of 6000 men, surrendered to the victorious general. Count de l'Union made a desperate attempt to retake it, but was routed with the loss of 600 men and four pieces of cannon. At Spouilles, the combined forces of the Spaniards and French Emigrants were totally defeated, and the latter put to death without mercy; but the conquering general, Dugommier, fell in the arms of victory, being killed by a shell, as he was directing the operations of the day. The 20th of August, our general in chief, Count de l'Union, and three others, experienced the same fate, and the Republican ar-

my approached the town of St. Fernando de Figueras, till then deemed impregnable. Six months had been spent in adding to its fortifications, which were mounted with 171 pieces of cannon, and defended by 9,107 men. The Duke of Alcadia, and the whole kingdom, looked upon this place as a rock that would effectually stem the tide of French victories. Forty thousand men were strongly intrenched around it, and nearly one hundred batteries had been erected for their protection. The Duke, whose pride had been humbled by the late accounts received from the armies, began to raise his head in the expectation of cheering news; the Queen, who had participated in the gloom in which her favourite was involved, resumed her usual smiling countenance, and preparations for a *fete* were commenced, when the fatal information that, *in three hours*, the Republicans had carried all the intrenchments, and in three days had obtained possession of the town, making upwards of nine thousand prisoners, taking more than 200 pieces of cannon, 5,000 stand of arms, almost the whole of the ammunition collected for the campaign, and 12 founderies for the casting of cannons, came like a wintry blast, and left every heart shivering with terror. The Queen, whose partial love had formed the highest opinion of the Duke's courage and abilities, urged him to display them in behalf of his country on the field of battle, and the people who witnessed the confidence placed in him by their Sovereign, expected he would now prove worthy of it, and relieve the na-

tion from the dangers by which it was menaced. In this state of peril and difficulty, the Duke of Alcadia, one of the first Grandees of the kingdom, the sole contriver of the plan for the campaign, the chief minister of state, in whom a whole nation placed its hope, and from whose talents and bravery alone the salvation of the country was expected, felt that, although decked with honours, and armed with more than royal power, he was still *Manuel Godoy*, a timid, spiritless coward, with cunning enough to deceive a monarch and his faithless consort, but deprived of knowledge and vigour to direct the helm of state, when the storms of adversity threatened its shattered vessel. Instead of taking prompt measures, of acting with decision, sacrificing personal interest and personal enmity for the public good, and recalling from banishment, or re-instating in their offices the men of talent, whom his jealous ambition had exiled or dismissed, that the wisdom of their counsels might assist his own imbecility, he applied to his nurse for the explanation of the extraordinary dreams which incessantly haunted his agitated mind, bribed the couriers from the army, to delay or prevent the circulation of bad news, and secretly attempted to purchase the retreat of the Republicans, who spurned at his offers, and proceeded in their career of rapid conquest. Without a skilful general to oppose the foe, and a wise minister to rule the state and inspirit the people, the army sank from hopeless discouragement, into

very cowardice, and the nation into distraction bordering on despair. These Spaniards, the children of those heroes, who in former times filled the world with their fame, and boldly snatched under Charles V. at universal dominion, forgot the same blood flowed through their veins, and basely fled before their enemies. The following account of the continuation of the war, will call a blush to the cheek of every Spaniard by whom it is perused, as it does in that of the writer; but let the recollection of those days of shame and disgrace, awake the slumbering energy of my countrymen, and incite them to hide in the splendour of future triumphs, the stains with which their honour and courage are sullied.

The French army of the Western Pyrenées stormed and carried, at the end of July, the redoubt of Maria Luisa, the camp of St. Jean de Luz, and the fort of St. Barbe, in one day, killed immense numbers of our troops, made three hundred and twenty prisoners, took seven pieces of cannon, two hundred tents, a vast quantity of ammunition, and extensive granaries filled with corn. On the 1st of August 15,000 of our countrymen, advantageously posted on the mountain of Haya, suffered themselves to be completely routed by a corps of 6,000 French, leaving in possession of the enemy all their magazines, two thousand muskets, six stand of colours, two hundred pieces of cannon, two thousand prisoners, and tents sufficient for an army of 25,000 men: thus hastening the reduction of Fontarabia, which surrendered the

same day to the victors. On the 3d, St. Sebastian beheld the approaching Republicans, and capitulated on the 4th, although its garrison consisted of 2,000 men, and it was defended by one hundred and eighty pieces of cannon. Toloza, the capital of Guipuscoa, was taken by the enemy on the 11th, and the whole province reduced into their power. The beginning of September was marked by the most shameful disgrace which the Spanish arms ever endured. Our scattered forces were gathered together to meet the advancing columns of the foe, when *six thousand* Spaniards were defeated and dispersed by *six hundred* French! Our line of posts occupied an extent of forty leagues, they were all placed upon the heights, and strongly fortified, at least the whole labours of a year had been dedicated to the erection of intrenchments and numerous works; the Republicans attacked them at the point of the bayonet in twelve different places, and carried them in a day. The whole Spanish army would shortly after have been surrounded, and compelled to surrender, had not the march of one of the French columns been retarded by the badness of the roads; thus an opening for escape was left, and assisted by the thickness of a fog, our army retreated to Sangonella with the *moderate* loss of 5,000 men.

Winter that chains the active hand of nature could not check that of war. It continued to spread devastation over the face of the earth, to overthrow the ramparts of the proudest cities, plunder their wealth, and shake the foundations of

empires. Towards the end of December, the Republicans, as a preparatory step for the reduction of Rosas, an important town with a good harbour in Catalonia, stormed and took Fort Bouton, which commanded the Bay. On the 3d of January, the attack of the city began, but when the garrison perceived the French volunteers preparing to scale the walls, they prudently embarked, leaving behind 540 men, who surrendered prisoners of war. At a short distance from this place, three thousand Spaniards were shortly after totally routed.

The disasters of the war were not confined to Spain alone, the ill conduct or misfortune of the allied Powers, were fully illustrated by the successes of the French in other quarters. The different Members of the Coalition finding it impossible to attain the ends they had in view when they took up arms, began to feel a disposition to lay them down. Disgust, for the cause they had embarked, followed on the heels of defeat, and at length, in 1795, Prussia negotiated and concluded a separate peace; and Hesse Cassel and Hanover followed its example. The secession of these three Powers, from the Coalition, enabled the French to assail the rest of its members with increased numbers and more concentrated vigour. At a distance from the rest of the allies, Spain experienced severely the consequences of that augmentation of the disposable force of France, whose army now advanced rapidly, and without any prospect of being checked in its career, towards the capital of the Spanish kingdom.

To bribe couriers to delay the news, would now have proved useless, as the crowd of inhabitants who fled from the invaded provinces towards the metropolis, swelled every day, and spread consternation wherever they directed their steps. Every hope of successfully resisting the foe was given up, courage was dead, and despair filled every heart. The Duke of Alcadia was no more called upon by the terrified populace to take the command of the army, and conquer security, they implored him to conclude a peace; for peace or submission appeared to them the only means of dispelling the dangers ready to burst upon them. The King and his Consort acceded to that opinion, and the Duke, who was now fully persuaded that he was not destined to reap the laurels of war, resolved they should be replaced on his brow by the olive of peace. He instantly sent M. d'Yriarte to propose terms to the French Government. The latter appointed Mr. Barthelemy to meet him at Basle, with full powers to conclude a peace, and at the same time ordered General Servan to repair to Bayonne, decorated with the empty title of their plenipotentiary, whilst the authority was vested in another, where another Spanish plenipotentiary, M. d'Iranda, was also expected. The real purpose of this double negotiation, or at least of this double choice of negotiators meeting in two different places, cannot now be ascertained; especially as we see that the first were not merely to hear the propositions made by both countries, and then refer them for further exami-

nation to the latter, but as the event proves it, authorised to negotiate and conclude a treaty, which they signed at Basle on the 22d of July, 1795, even before General Servan and M. d'Iranda had had an interview at Bayonne.

The sacrifices made by Spain in this dishonourable peace, which left her at the mercy of France, were overlooked by the people: the Republican army was to recross the Pyrenées; families would no longer fear the approach of ravishers and plunderers; and security, however precarious and dearly bought, seemed at that moment of universal consternation the only object to be attained, and so precious, that even the honour of the nation was scarcely deemed, by the minister and the people, an equal compensation for its acquirement. The gratitude of Spain for him, by whose orders the peace had been concluded, was unbounded. Every voice blessed him as the deliverer of his country. Those who had formerly despised the meanness of his origin, now thought themselves obliged to do justice to his *virtues* and to his *genius*. Those whom his unjust partiality or suspicious ambition had deeply injured, felt the impulse of private enmity yield to that of gratitude for public services. The upstart was instantly changed into a man, sent by Heaven to snatch the Spanish Monarchy from certain ruin, and the land from devastation. He was thought entitled to the highest reward for a conduct, which in other States would have subjected him to the severest animadversion, if not to the ri-

gour of the laws, and like many great men, who owe their elevation rather to a fortunate concurrence of events, than to their own talents and merits, his power so long and so generally hated, gathered strength from the dangers of Spain, and won the affections and confidence of those whom he had degraded in the eyes of the world, by rashly exposing them to a series of unexampled defeats, terminated by a treaty equally hasty, disadvantageous, and disgraceful.

The Queen exulted in the popularity which her lover had acquired, and Charles IV. who now fancied that his friendship for his favourite was amply justified, and that he might confer the highest honours upon him, without exciting another pang of jealousy in the hearts of the nobility, raised him to the rank of a Prince. His new title was a pledge of national gratitude, for his *important services*, and the humble *Manuel Godoy*, the *haughty Duke of Alcudia*, were totally lost and forgotten in the *Prince of Peace*.

The whole kingdom resounded with praise when this mark of Royal *justice* was made public, and even the Grandees who had forsaken the Court on account of the elevation of their low-born rival, turned to Madrid, and betrayed no symptoms of disgust in his presence.

Seated at length on the summit of the hill of power, the ambition of the Prince of Peace ceased to be confined to his own individual prosperity. He wished to extend the favour of the King to his

family, and a hint for that purpose given to the Queen in one of their private interviews produced the effect he desired. His father was snatched from the obscurity of his native province, and entrusted with a post of distinguished eminence in the Government; his eldest brother, Don Luis, was appointed Viceroy of Mexico and the West Indies, and his youngest brother, Diego, who had succeeded Manuel in his employment in Estramadura, was at last brought into *deserved* notice, and made a Captain-General in the Army. All his relations, however distant, were provided with situations either in the offices of Government or the Army, and any person who claimed affinity to him, and seemed willing to swell his party, was instantly presented with a lucrative place, or allowed a pension from the Royal Treasury.

When the fervour of gratitude was abated, the eyes of the nation were opened, and the encroachments of the upstart descried with terror by those who had encouraged and emboldened his ambition. They beheld him at the head of a numerous party composed of his relations, and men who were compelled to yield support to his power in order to preserve their own. The revenues of the State were diverted from the purpose for which they were intended, to enrich individuals who had no claims whatever upon the generosity of the State; but as the Prince of Peace was at the head of the Royal Treasury, no one had a right to remonstrate against this waste of the treasures it contain-

ed. In order to guard against the caprices of fortune, it is said, he placed large sums in the Public Funds of England, France and Holland, intending, should he ever be hurled down from the height which he occupied, to seek a refuge in one of these countries. His own publicly known annual revenue amounted to five hundred and fifty thousand dollars, proceeding from the places which he filled and the pensions granted to him by his Sovereign.

During the life of Charles III. the Consort of the then humble Manuel Godoy, having offended the King her uncle by her degrading marriage, was forbidden appearing at Court, but now she was treated as a Princess of the Blood; and had not her husband prudently dreaded giving offence to the Queen, would have displayed more pomp in her dress and retinue than her Majesty herself.

Meanwhile the Prince of Asturias began to feel less relish for the amusements of youth, and more interest in the state of public affairs. This sudden change in the disposition of our amiable Ferdinand filled the heart of the Prince of Peace with apprehension and anxiety. The nobles and Grandees witnessed the patriotic fire of the high-spirited youth bursting forth with secret exultation. They had long and sorrowfully considered the upstart's fortune as too firmly grounded to be overthrown. Despairing of success, they had ceased to oppose its further extension; and as no Grandee dared to renew the attack, the mal-contents had no chief who might embody their forces, direct their evolu-

tions, and by gathering together the hate, scattered among the hearts of thousands, to crush the ambitious favourite under the weight of general detestation. But now the heir to the throne seemed to condemn the infatuation of his father, and ready to support any measures by which the country might be freed from the tyrannical oppression of an individual. The hope that he should be able to attain the glorious end which he had in view, collected large numbers of nobles around him. His brother shared his patriotic enthusiasm, and the major part of the nation expected that the growing influence of the Princes would soon counter-balance, if not overthrow, that of the detested Prime-Minister and his adherents.

Godoy, conscious that as long as he continued to possess the affections of the Queen, his power would stand the shock of adverse parties, though headed by her sons, thought it not impossible that disgust or indifference might at last replace in her bosom the love which she felt for him. In order that such an event might not find him unprepared or defenceless, he resolved at any price to purchase foreign assistance, and for that purpose applied to a man who with equal cunning, but a far superior genius, had lately placed himself at the head of the French nation.

Having, by repeated victories, compelled the still remaining continental members of the coalition to conclude a peace advantageous for the country over which he ruled, Napoleon Bonaparte, bent

the whole force of his hatred against the only Empire that still defied his power and mocked his threats—the unconquerable Albion! Unable to awe its Ministers and its People into subjection by the menace of Invasion, he had lately persuaded Russia, Sweden, and Denmark, to renew the Armed Confederacy, which by engaging to maintain the Neutrality of the Baltic, aimed a blow at the naval superiority of the British. With the same intention, as he considered Portugal as an English Colony, he determined it should be compelled to shut its harbour against the ships of that nation, or should feel the weight of his vengeance. In this conjuncture he replied to the offers of the Prince of Peace, that the only way of retrieving his credit with the Spanish people, was to perform some brilliant exploit, the splendour of which would dazzle the eyes of the vulgar, and hush the voice of complaint. That as the interests of Spain had ever since the year 1796, been joined with those of France, through the wisdom of his counsels, the two countries now ought to gather laurels together. He then proposed the Prince of Peace should cause his Court to declare war against Portugal, assume the chief command of the army, and invade that devoted kingdom on the side of Alentejo, its richest and most fertile province, whilst the French should enter it in another direction and threaten Oporto and Lisbon.

These propositions flattered the pride and ambition of the treacherous Godoy. He acquiesced in

them with alacrity, after having received a promise of assistance against the Prince of Asturias and his country, in case of individual danger, from his wily employer. In order to compass his end, he represented to the Queen the declining state of his credit among the nobility and the people, on account of the rebellious disposition of her eldest son, who, he had no doubt, intended, whenever the numbers and strength of his party would allow it, to rise against his father, and tear the crown from his brow. That unless he were able, by some splendid undertaking, to divert the attention of the nation from the idol on which it was fixed, and re-kindle in their hearts their usual admiration for their Sovereign and his Prime-Minister, it would be impossible for him to resist the machinations of his enemies. Having thus artfully awakened the anxiety of love in her bosom, from which maternal affection was banished, he then proceeded to unfold the plan which he and the *dear ally* of his Catholic Majesty had laid for the subjugation of Portugal. Her approbation insured the King's consent, and on the 3d of March, 1801, a declaration of war against Portugal was issued by the Spanish Government.

Conscious that the weakness of the power thus attacked at once, in two different quarters, by two numerous armies, would make conquest easy, the Prince of Peace determined to follow the advice of the Ruler of France, and distinguish his valour at the head of his troops.

Thirty or forty thousand men were assembled on

the frontiers of Spain, and a few days after they had been reviewed by their great generalissimo, they marched towards Alentejo, which province they entered on the 20th of May, 1801. The whole of the Portuguese army did not amount to more than 25,000 effective men, which being divided into two bodies, to oppose the Spaniards and the French, could but make a faint show of unsuccessful resistance. The progress of the Spanish general was in consequence rapid, and the pompous descriptions of his triumphs instantly conveyed to Madrid, turned once more the weathercock of popularity in his favour. In fifteen days he reduced all the strong places of Alentejo, took possession of all the magazines of the foe, who, struck with dismay, entered so quickly into negotiations, that on the 6th of June following, the preliminaries of peace were signed at Badajoz. Before informing the public of the conclusion of this treaty, the Prince of Peace sent by one of his relations to Madrid, a list of the fortified towns, on conquered walls of which he had planted the Spanish standard, and among which we find the following, Aronches, Estremoz, Elvas, Campo-Major, Fior-de-Posa, &c. These successes, magnified into victories, created a belief that Portugal would, at length, return under the dominion of Spain. The expectations of the nation were, therefore, rather disappointed, when the intelligence of the total cessation of hostilities dissipated the pleasing illusion. Yet as the province of Olivenza was

ceded to Spain, and all the sea-ports were shut against the English, the chief objects of the war being attained, the conqueror was greeted on his return to the capital with acclamations of joy.

Having thus resumed the high rank which, after the peace with France in 1795, he filled in the estimation of the people, and secured the support of the most ambitious, but at the same time the most successful potentate of continental Europe, the first Consul of France, he ceased to dread the diminished influence of the Prince of Asturias and his party, though he continued, by liberal pensions, to increase the number of his adherents. But the Prince, though apparently sinking once more into insignificance, was not discouraged. Though young, he had studied the dispositions of men too deeply not to be aware, that a few months, or, at the utmost, a few years, would eradicate from the minds of the people the remembrance of Godoy's victories. That his rapacity alone being felt, would also alone be noticed, and that the voices that now incessantly proclaimed his courage and his wisdom, would then gladly heap curses upon his head. Patience was the only shield he could oppose to present evils, and he resolved to remain secure under its shelter, till favouring circumstances should call him into action.

Like the unexperienced mariner, whose watchfulness is soon lulled asleep by a deceitful calm, the Prince of Peace, intoxicated with pride, soon fancied that the glory of his triumphs had dazzled even the hatred of his enemies, and that he now

might display the sovereignty of his will, without exciting a murmur. The most arbitrary measures were resorted to wantonly, by this madman in prosperity, only to prove the extent of his power. Even his conduct towards the Queen was altered. He was no more in her presence the humble lover, servilely grateful for the favours she conferred upon him. He was become an imperious master, and finding that the mildness of her disposition yielded without reluctance, and even with pleasure to the haughty dictates of his capricious and assumed authority, he required from her the most extravagant proofs of her love. His influence over the mind of his King was equally unbounded, and the unsuspecting weakness of Charles IV. was compelled to grant him the same public marks of confidence, esteem, and affection. All the concessions made by his two Sovereigns to his ambition, served to nourish its fire. Drunk with success, he lost all regard for the honour of his royal benefactor, and lest the nobility should hope to overthrow the edifice of his fortune, by informing Charles IV. of his criminal intercourse with the Queen, he, by the following act of unparalleled impudence, forced this unfortunate monarch to proclaim the consciousness of his own dishonour, and to publicly seem to assist in it.

The means which he employed thus to degrade his King in the estimation of the nation and the whole world, was terror. Not that selfish dread which points incessantly to imaginary personal

dangers, but that generous and fearful sympathy which a heart naturally noble feels for the perils that threaten a friend. He showed Charles IV. fabricated letters which contained an account of a plot against the life of the Prince of Peace during a journey in which he was to attend the Royal Family, to one of the most distant provinces of the realm. The description of the manner in which the murder was to be committed was given, but the names of the conspirators not mentioned, although a strong hint that the plot had originated in the Prince of Asturias's party was introduced. The artful Godoy purposely begged of his Sovereign not to betray any displeasure against his son, who, misled by evil counsellors, would, as soon as years had ripened his judgment, entertain more loyal sentiments; at the same time he asked that the contents of the letters should not be made known to the Queen, whose maternal feelings would be hurt by the painful information. But the King promised he should not this time call his son to account for his ingratitude towards the *saviour of his country*, only on condition he should be permitted to communicate the dangers that menaced his *dear friend* and *wise Minister* to his loving consort. To this, Godoy at length consented; they repaired together to the Queen's apartment, and revealed to her the subject of their alarm. A side glance from the Prince of Peace informed her that it was merely imaginary, and she soon penetrated his intentions when she heard him propose, that as the journey

could not be deferred, and his presence was necessary, the best way to guard against the dagger of the assassin was to allow him in every house where they spent the night, to sleep in the same room as his Sovereign. That the respect which every subject owed and paid to his beloved Monarch, would check the steps of the murderer who would not dare to pass over the body of his King to strike his faithful Minister. Charles IV. in the unsuspecting sincerity of his heart, highly approved this proposition. His modest consort started a few objections, which drew from the King for reply, that her friendship was very weak, since she hesitated in sacrificing the trifling punctilios of decorum to the safety of a meritorious subject, who had exposed his life for them and his country in the field of battle. This argument overcame her scruples, and it was settled that in every room where they slept during the journey, three beds should be placed. That the middle one should be occupied by Godoy; that on the right by the Queen, and that on his left by his injured, but infatuated Monarch.

This determination was put into execution every night, as long as the absence of the court from Madrid lasted. The Grandees mourned the degradation of their King, and the Prince of Asturias was deeply afflicted at that of both his parents. He even once, as he was alone with his mother, attempted to remonstrate on the impropriety of her conduct; but she reproached him with his enmity towards Godoy, representing his solicitude for her

honour, as envy under the garb of affection, and advising him to refrain from seducing the nobles of the kingdom from the fidelity which they owed to his father.

These accusations sank deep into the mind of the Prince; he saw that he had been traduced as a traitor, by the man who, for money, sold the secrets of the State to France, wasted the wealth of the public treasury upon unworthy beings, and openly dishonoured his sovereign. He was reproached with the intention of dethroning his father, whilst all his thoughts had been bent on disentangling him from the snares of a treacherous minister. Yet for the first time he pondered in his mind the probable consequences of such an undertaking. It was not ambition that prompted him to meditate on that subject, but the enthusiasm of his patriotism. He saw his country oppressed by the lawless tyranny of an upstart; he had tried, but in vain, to hurl him from the seat of his usurpation; the King had been deaf to the just remonstrances of his nobility, and instead of setting bounds to the influence of his favourite, daily increased his authority, which might perhaps in a few years, supported as it was by the Ruler of France, grasp at the crown itself. The only means that remained to maintain the integrity of the Spanish monarchy, to preserve the sceptre in the possession of the last branch of the unfortunate family of the Bourbons, and free the people from the oppression of a traitor, and the innumerable crowd of his pensioned rela-

tions and adherents, who devoured the public revenue, seemed to the ardent mind of Ferdinand, to consist in that always dangerous, seldom honourable, but sometimes useful breach of allegiance due from a subject to his monarch, and especially from a son to his father. Having thus hushed the voice of his conscience, with the specious representations of patriotic love, he compared the gigantic power of his antagonist with the diminutive weakness of his own party. The *Grandeos* had gathered around him, it was true, but perhaps merely with the interested view of sheltering him from the influence of Godoy, in order to regain the ascendancy on his accession to the throne, and not through partiality for his person, or attachment to his cause. If this surmise were founded on truth, he could not rely on their assistance for the execution of his plan, for rather than surrender his crown, his father would undoubtedly sacrifice Godoy to his own safety, and offer them terms that would recall them to their duty. The nation at large murmured against the infatuation of the King; but if instant danger enabled him to conquer that infatuation, and gratify their wishes by disgracing his favourite, it was plain that they would form an impenetrable rampart around him, and yield their lives in his defence. These considerations checked the fiery impulse of his soul; prudence told him that his youth was unfit to inspire confidence, and he determined to wait a few years longer, hoping that the blind affection of his parents for their favourite would

cease, without compelling him to resume the design, which impotence caused him to abandon.

This resolution was strengthened by the events that followed. The war with England prosecuted in conjunction with France, had now lasted six years ; and the pride of the Spanish nation having been humbled by a few naval defeats, the return of peace was anxiously longed for by all classes. The industry of the kingdom, however small, was checked ; and commerce, so necessary for the prosperity of empires, was entirely confined to an inconsiderable exchange of commodities with France and Portugal, the only powers with which, on account of its continental situation, and the vigilance of the British cruizers, Spain found it practicable to trade. The negotiations which in the winter of the year 1801, were opened between England and France, excited a lively hope that Spain would be included in the treaty, and the expression of public expectation was too strong not to be perceived by the spies, from whom the Prince of Peace learns what measures please or offend the people, and how far he can extend the rapacity of his ambition, without endangering his security. The recollection of his victories over the Portuguese began to fade, and sentiments of disgust and enmity to replace the momentary admiration with which the vulgar had rewarded his successes. The party of the Prince of Asturias, and his brothers, regained by degrees the numbers it had lost, and threatened in a short time to grow formidable. In order to silence his

enemies, or prevent them from declaring themselves; the Prince of Peace resolved to enter into a negotiation with England, conscious that such a measure would be highly popular. The consent of his monarch, which could not be refused, was on this occasion granted with heartfelt satisfaction, the proposition was heard with approbation in the Council of Castile, and the only difficulty remaining was to obtain the permission of his Catholic Majesty's *dear ally*, the First Consul of the French Republic. For the artful Godoy had unconsciously placed himself, and his country, in the power of a man still more artful, more ambitious, and more imperious than himself; and whose will it would have been instant destruction to oppose.

It happened at that time that tired with war, and satiated with conquest, Napoleon Bonaparte wished to exchange the appellation of Scourge of Europe, for the more truly glorious title of Pacifier. The French armies, after having left the bloody print of their steps in almost every quarter of the globe, and crushed the might of gathered nations, directed their march towards their own country. The sword of battles was sheathed on the Continent, and the haughty sovereign of the land conscious at last of the inanity of his threats against the rulers of the waves, endeavoured to disarm their power by a peace, that would, if not eradicate mutual animosity, at least afford him time to devise, and means to effect, their total subjection. The watchfulness of the English minis-

try was lulled asleep by promises of a lasting amity between the two empires, and Lord Cornwallis repaired to Amiens as the plenipotentiary of Great Britain.

Perceiving that since he had dropped the laurel crown to snatch at the olive branch, the eyes of Europe were fixed with grateful attention upon him, the First Consul resolved not to deceive the general expectations which he had awakened, but to spread the blessings of peace over every country which the overflow of the French Revolution had deluged with blood. He therefore promised the Batavian Republic, that, through his interference, their harbours, their colonies, and their fleets should be secured from the enmity of the English by an honourable peace. He was about to make the same proposition to Spain, when the humble message sent by Godoy, to supplicate for the permission of becoming one of the contracting parties in the negotiations with England, reached the Thuilleries. Napoleon, who, had his previous intentions pointed a different way, would have perhaps been induced to alter his resolution by the wish of supporting the declining credit of his *useful* slave Godoy, granted his request with an expression of condescending kindness, intended to raise the favourite still higher in the estimation of his Sovereign. The Queen, who lost no opportunity of descanting on the merits and public services of her lover, immediately represented to Charles IV. that had the envy of the *Grande*es succeeded

in overthrowing the Prince of Peace from the seat which he filled at the head of the Government, his talents and virtues could not have won the admiration and friendship of their generous Ally, who so readily consented to gratify his least wishes, and at his request allowed the Spanish nation to forget, in the bosom of peace, the harsh privations and devastations of war. The Monarch thanked Heaven for having sent him such a wise Minister, and vowed never to desert him, however violently the hatred of his enemies might assail his fame, his life, or his fortune. The emissaries of the favourite scattered the same political doctrine among the people, who now, in the expectation of a peace, with the levity of their Gallic neighbours, rather than the reflecting gravity and unshaken constancy of Spaniards, once more blessed the name of the man, whom a few days before they were ready to load with curses. The Prince of Asturias saw the scale of popularity preponderating anew in favour of his rival and the real enemy of the State, and secretly applauded himself for not having rashly ventured into his dangerous undertaking, but delayed its execution till years had increased his stores of experience, and circumstances should present a more favourable aspect.

No sooner had the Prince of Peace obtained the consent, which he had so anxiously expected, than he caused the King to nominate Don Joseph Nicolas d'Azzara his Plenipotentiary, and was about to forward his departure, with the greatest activity,

when he received a secret message from Napoleon. This deep politician wished to consolidate some of his usurpations before the Treaty with England was concluded, in order that they might not be made grounds for fresh complaints, tending to renew the war. The British Plenipotentiary had arrived in France at the beginning of November, 1801; he had been greeted with rapture by the people, and overwhelmed with honours by the Government; but the opening of the Negotiations had been purposely retarded. At the expiration of a month, he grew tired of delays and left the capital where he had several private interviews with the First Consul, and received visits from all the Generals who had distinguished themselves in battle, and all the great Civil characters of the Republic, to repair to Amiens, which city, on account of its nearly equal distance from London and Paris, had been chosen as the seat of Congress. Here Joseph Bonaparte, the Plenipotentiary of France, joined him soon; but the intentional, though apparently unavoidable absence of the Dutch and Spanish Plenipotentiaries suspended the Negotiations. At last on the 7th of December, Roger Jean Schimmelpenninck, Ambassador-Extraordinary, sent by the Batavian Republic, arrived at Amiens; but as Napoleon's intentions had not yet been fulfilled, he sent fresh orders to the Prince of Peace to postpone the departure of the Spanish Ambassador. These orders did not reach Madrid till it was too late, the Chevalier d'Azzara was on his way to France. Godoy however sent a Courier after him,

with instructions to pursue a different road, pass through Genoa, and there wait till he received further commands to proceed. In order that his abode in that city might not excite suspicion, he was to feign illness as the cause of his delay.

Meanwhile the First Consul, who began to be pressed for time, abruptly left Paris for Lyons, which he reached on the 8th of January, 1802. Here the deputies of the Cisalpine Republic, which by the treaty of Luneville had been declared independent, were assembled for the purpose of settling the constitution and future government of their nation. This assembly, distinguished by the name of *Consulta* selected thirty of its members to form into a committee, whose gathered wisdom would examine into the state of the Republic, expose its exigences, and point out a plan calculated to increase and consolidate its prosperity. The result of their deliberations was, that unless the hand that had created and defended the Cisalpine Republic, assumed the reins of its government, it would sink a prey to contending parties, and, unable to withstand the shock of civil wars, would fall into the power of foreign enemies or ambitious neighbours. Another committee waited on Napoleon, who under the pretence of visiting the manufactories, and encouraging the commercial industry of its inhabitants, had repaired to Lyons, in order to influence the decision of the assembly by his presence. The determination of the *Consulta* was declared to him, and he was supplicated, not as

the Chief Magistrate of France, but simply as Napoleon Bonaparte, a conqueror and a statesman, to secure the happiness of the people by becoming their *President*, or in other words their Ruler.

No sooner had this offer been made, and consequently been accepted, than orders were sent to the Prince of Peace to allow the Spanish Ambassador to proceed immediately to Amiens. Meanwhile the new President having in a speech delivered in Italian, on the 26th January, informed the members of the *Consulta* of his future intentions for the welfare of their nation, and changed the name of the Cisalpine into that of Italian Republic, modestly praised the wisdom of their choice by frankly acknowledging, in the following words, that *he* thought no one worthy of it but himself.—“ As to
“ the office of President, I have not found any
“ body among you who would have sufficient
“ claim to the public opinion ; who would be suf-
“ ficiently independent of the spirit of locality,
“ and who, in fine, had rendered important ser-
“ vices enough to his country to be vested with it.

“ The *Procès* verbal which you have caused to
“ be transmitted to me, by your Committee of
“ Thirty, in which the internal and external cir-
“ cumstances of your country are analysed with
“ equal precision and truth, has produced a deep
“ impression on me. I obey your wishes, and as
“ long as circumstances will require it, I shall
“ bear for you the burden of public affairs.

“ Notwithstanding the many duties and cares

“ which the post I occupy impose upon me, what-
“ ever may relate to you, and tend to consolidate
“ your existence and your prosperity, will always
“ lay near my heart, &c. &c.”

Having thus obtained the chief object of his ambition, at that period, Napoleon returned to Paris on the 30th of January, a day after the Chevalier d'Azzara had reached Amiens. The negotiations were now seriously opened and proceeded rapidly to a close. Informed by Godoy of the general wish for peace expressed in Spain, the First Consul thought that the ultimate attainment of that so ardently longed-for end, would blind the Spanish nation to any sacrifice that might be required. He therefore, instead of making concessions of territory, preferred his *intimate* ALLY, Charles IV. should, and did not oppose the cession of the Island of Trinidad, required by his Britannic Majesty.

On the 27th of March 1802, the definitive treaty was signed by the plenipotentiaries of the four contracting nations, and as soon as the distance would permit, the joyful intelligence was conveyed to the Prince of Peace, who spread it immediately among the courtiers who attended his levee. From his Palace it reached the King, and greeted the ears of the Queen; for no information, however important or trifling, was suffered to be carried to Charles IV. before it had been imparted to his favourite, who, when he found it practicable, suppressed the news that might have caused unpleasant sensations, or altered

the least promising into the most favourable. Pealing cannons shortly proclaimed the glad tidings to the people; rejoicings were ordered, and during the momentary bursts of enthusiasm that followed the proclamation of peace, the conditions of the treaty, though made public, passed uncensured by the generality whose most ardent wishes were at last gratified.

How weak are the firmest resolves of the human mind, though supported by pride, when they war with our own interests! Interest is the powerful wand, which when placed by Providence in the hands of a skilful magician, rules the universe. At its touch, the beauty of honour, virtue, and innocence, withers away; and, instead of these majestic charms that awed us into constancy, we perceive wrinkled features and deformed shapes that create disgust, whilst the opposite vices assume a fair and deceitful appearance, that wins our love. It dissolves the bond of fraternal affection, as the morning blast the light texture of the gossamer. It silences the voice of gratitude, or turns its accents into those of slander and hate. It buries into forgetfulness the attention due to our most sacred duties, and but too often when the fiery patriot is loudly thundering against the native or foreign oppressors of his country, it touches the tip of his tongue, that immediately contradicts every word it said before. Yielding to its seldom resisted sway, most of the *Grandeos*, who, till then, had clung for the support of their order to the Prince of Asturias's

rising popularity in the course of a few years, openly espoused the party of their former antagonist. In order to elucidate this inconsistency in their conduct, it is necessary to cast our eyes once more beyond the frontiers of Spain, and revert to the political situation of its neighbour.

Seated on the throne which the Bourbons had filled, not with the title of King, but with more power than the French Monarchs, even the ambitious Louis XIV. possessed, Napoleon Bonaparte had been declared First Consul for life only as a preliminary step towards the Imperial dignity which he now assumed. The fame of his victories had resounded through Europe, and the nations so often conquered by his arms, fancied he was invincible. His will was sufficient to arm one half of the Continent, and to shake the oldest established empires to their foundations. As long as any hopes remained of checking or overthrowing his rapidly increasing influence, which threatened the liberty of the whole European world, the surrounding kingdoms had either waged war with France, or maintained a dignified, but dangerous neutrality, without acknowledging the title of its chief. Spain had been a distant, but not an inattentive spectator of the struggles for independence of the House of Austria in the winter of 1805, which terminated in the destruction of the German empire and the total defeat of the Austrian and Russian armies. The issue of this unfortunate war left the conqueror without a rival on the Continent, and the exaltation

of his fortune prescribed a new line of conduct to the Powers who wished to conciliate his friendship and avert the dreaded effects of his displeasure. They saw that security could be purchased only by the sacrifice of that noble spirit of freedom, which equals alone can foster and proclaim, without incurring perils. They soon perceived also, through the policy of the artful Napoleon, that such a sacrifice would not only be received kindly as a proof of affection, but liberally rewarded by new-created titles, or territories wrenched from the hands of the conquered. All the petty states of Germany immediately swore allegiance as vassals to the Emperor of France and Protector of the Confederation of the Rhine, and were instantly presented with regal crowns. This intelligence produced a deep impression in Spain, and a sudden and complete change of opinion in most of our Grandees. As long as they had considered the Prince of Peace as an upstart, whose fortune rested on the criminal passion of the Queen, and the fatal, but, perhaps, fleeting infatuation of their King, they secretly hoped that disgust would follow the love of the former, and disgrace would succeed to the usurped influence which he exercised over the latter. In constant expectation of his fall, they sedulously paid their court to the Prince of Asturias, who was likely to replace the favourite in the affection and confidence of his father. But now they saw that Godoy had secured an ally more potent than his own monarch. When they learned that his protector was no more

a consul for ten years, or for life, but the Emperor of France, whose sword conquered kingdoms, and whose hand bestowed crowns, they ceased to deem his fall even possible, and in order that their present interests and the future prosperity of their families should not suffer by a stubborn, but useless opposition, to the ascendancy of his fortune, forsook the young and spirited Prince, whose cause they had embraced, to crowd the levees of the Prince of Peace.

Among these converts to interest and ambition, the Marquès de Solano ranked foremost, and his defection was deeply lamented by his party. He was a man whose talents eminently raised him above the herd of unlettered nobility, possessed of undaunted courage, he longed for an opportunity of distinguishing himself; but the violence of his passions, like an *ignis fatuus*, fatal to the nightly traveller, led him astray into the paths of ambition, and marked his disposition with inconstancy. An enthusiast in the cause of the Prince of Asturias when he first espoused it, he would have gladly joined him in the undertaking of dethroning his father. An enthusiast now in the cause of the Prince of Peace, he would have defended him against a host of enemies, and felt so much admiration for his patron, the conquering Napoleon, that he frequently declared he would joyfully lay down his life in his service. As a reward for this display of anti-patriotic spirit, he was shortly after made governor of Cadiz, where he paid the greatest attention to the French admirals and sailors, when

the French fleet sought a refuge in this port from the naval thunders of a Nelson and a Collingwood.

Animated by his example, the Marquès d'Alvarez declared in favour of Godoy and his gallic friend, and a crowd of noblemen now swelled the train of the exulting favourite. The governments of Carthagená, Valencia, Saragossa, &c. were distributed amongst them, and some were intrusted with posts of equal eminence and importance in the state.

Watchful policy now ruled the Prince of Asturias' actions. He saw that his party diminished daily, and that seduced by the hope, or rather the certainty of preferment, the fidelity of his most intimate adherents was shaken, with the exception of the courageous affection of the Duke de l'Infantado, and Don Pedro Cevallos. At the palace of the Duke he met the few Grandees who had not yet enlisted under the banners of his adversary. They renewed their promises of sharing his fortune, but with an ill-dissembled appearance of coolness, that betrayed their real sentiments. The Prince, instead of reproaching them with the lukewarmness of their expressions, advised them to listen only to the voice of their interest, and forsake a cause which seemed so unlikely, for a number of years, to promote their political welfare. This counsel, which proved he had penetrated into their secret thoughts, caused them to disclaim loudly any intention of proving false to their promises. He

appeared satisfied with these assurances, conscious that suspicion creates treachery oftener than it guards against it, and, in order to conciliate their interests with his, proposed that they should assume the garb of friendship towards Godoy, obtain his confidence, which would soon be followed by a distribution of posts and offices among them, in which they would be able to serve their country better, soften the tyrannical measures of the upstart minister, and ultimately support his own cause and pretensions.

This plan satisfied the ambition of some, and met with the approbation of all. It was determined it should be put instantly into execution, and a few days after this secret meeting, Don Pedro Cevallos, Don Joseph Antonio Cabellero, and several other distinguished noblemen, repaired to Court and to the levees of the Prince of Peace, who, after allowing them, probably as a trial, a month's unfruitful attendance upon him, knowing how highly they were respected by the nobility and the people in general, and that the treatment they should receive from him, would prove the means of enticing others to follow their example, granted to the former the office of first secretary of state for the foreign department, and made the latter minister of justice.

Having thus secured the fidelity, and, at the same time, improved the fortune of his friends, the Prince of Asturias patiently waited till the consequence of of their accession to power should become visible.

Through their means he was enabled to dive into the most secret intentions and treacherous measures of the favourite. He then ascertained, for the first time, what he had long suspected, that the Prince of Peace had sold his country to the ambitious Napoleon; that every measure that was taken by him was concerted with that monarch, and tended at a future period to insure the total dependence, or effect the subjugation of Spain. The power of his two friends, Don Pedro Cevallos and Don I. Antonio Cabellero, though great, was unable to contend with that of his antagonist, who, though he had yielded up the name of prime minister, still filled the office of one, under the title of High Admiral of Spain. In vain they attempted, as far as prudence would allow, to undeceive the King; he looked upon every proof of the treachery of his favourite as fabricated, and felt his affection for him increase with the dangers to which he thought him exposed. As a defence against their hate, he allowed him a guard of two hundred carabineers, and several companies of Chasseurs, and Hussars, the command of which, as well as that of the life-guards, was entrusted to his brother Don Diego Godoy.

The war in which the Emperor of France was engaged in the autumn of 1806, and the spring of 1807, with the King of Prussia, and the already defeated but till then magnanimous Autocrat of Russia, delayed the execution of Napoleon's intentions upon Spain. The distance at which his most

numerous armies were removed from the South of Europe, and the difficulties of the campaign under the frozen influence of a northern clime, made him think it more prudent to allow our country to enjoy a few months of internal security, than plunge it on a sudden into anarchy and confusion. He knew that the same spirit that fired the souls of our ancestors, though slumbering was not extinct, and that if the call of events once more burst its sleep, it would boldly challenge all his might in defence of our country and our King. He therefore resolved to wait till his conquering legions should have chained the north, and after creating new kingdoms on the ruins of empires, to lead them securely towards the south, and when his whole force was gathered on our frontiers, to loosen the arm of intrigue, ready if necessary to be supported by the swords of upwards of two hundred thousand warriors.

Before circumstances had permitted him to begin the execution of his plan, his inventive ambition pointed out a measure that would, if not ensure its success, at least diminish the probability and possibility of resistance. Ever since the year 1804, when the English unjustly captured four of our frigates in the midst of peace, Spain had once more joined France in its hostilities against Great Britain, and fulfilled the duties of an Ally with the most scrupulous fidelity. Our blood had been shed in glorious, though unsuccessful, naval actions, in which we vainly contended with the British thunder, and large portions of our Indian revenues had

been poured into the coffers of France. Taking advantage, therefore, of the willingness of our Monarch to assist his *dear and intimate* Ally, and the *venal* treachery of his Minister, Napoleon requested that a subsidiary corps of thirty thousand Spaniards be sent to the seat of war in Prussia or Poland, to form part of an army of observation which he was collecting in the neighbourhood of Stettin to oppose the expected landing of a British force, and compel the King of Sweden to evacuate the provinces which he still possessed on the Continent.

Our unfortunate Monarch has always been betrayed by his friendships into dangers which have at last proved his ruin, without dissipating the blindness of his affection. His admiration for the Emperor of France was unfeigned, his love was sincere, and his confidence in him unbounded. He gladly seized this opportunity of gratifying his wishes, and without the interference of Godoy, who had been commanded in a private letter to exert his power, if necessary, in order to obtain a favourable answer to this application, he gave the necessary Order for equipping and sending forth the thirty thousand soldiers required. Don Pedro Cevallos' suspicions were excited by the private letter from Napoleon to Godoy, with a perusal of which he was not favoured. He imparted that circumstance to the Prince of Asturias, who bade him to oppose the departure of the troops, and try to dive into the secrets of Godoy's correspondence. But opposition he deemed too hopeless to attempt,

and the vigilance of the Prince of Peace and his emissaries rendered every exertion to learn the contents of the letters, which he received, at that time fruitless.

A large portion of the Spanish people shared with their Monarch his infatuation for the French. The warlike spirit of the army was roused by the victories of their neighbours, and the thirty thousand warriors exulted in the prospect of emulating their fame. They bade adieu to their country with promises of returning loaded with laurels, traversed the vast extent of the French Empire, and the lately conquered territories with the impatience of men who long for glory, but arrived too late to partake in the dangers and the honours of the campaign.

The total defeat of the Russians at Friedland, in June 1807, and the subsequent Peace of Tilsit, which reduced Prussia to its former narrow limits, erected Westphalia into a kingdom, raised the Elector of Saxony to the royal dignity, and secured the vassalage of the Emperor of Russia, enabled Napoleon to turn his eyes once more towards the South, and to resume the plan which he had left unfinished. The Spanish subsidiary army, instead of being sent back to their country, as they had a right to expect, were detained in the North, and scattered in small divisions among the garrisons of towns and fortresses, whilst a considerable part of the French legions marched back to France. The conqueror returned to Paris, whence he might more easily for-

ward his designs against our monarch and our land. Informed by the Prince of Peace of the enmity which the heir to the throne fostered against the Members of Government, he resolved to encrease it through the secret but powerful means of intrigue; in order that should it burst forth into some act of violence against the authority of Charles IV. the French troops might have a pretence for invading and holding Spain in subjection. By his order the emissaries of the Prince of Peace spread a rumour throughout the capital and the Court, that their master had offended the Emperor of France; who had insinuated to the King a wish that he should remove his favourite from the helm of public affairs. Ferdinand and his party listened eagerly to this report, and in the embarrassment which was visible in all the measures of their Sovereign, thought they saw a proof of its truth. This embarrassment proceeded from a widely different cause. Godoy had artfully terrified the weak mind of his master with an exaggerated relation of the ambitious designs of his son; which he represented as aiming at the possession of the crown before the course of nature resigned it to his hands. The Queen was easily persuaded, and by her frequent declamations against the ingratitude of which the Prince of Asturias was guilty, through his blind compliance with the wishes of his wife, increased the apprehensions of the King. Perplexed, or rather distracted, Charles IV. in whose breast the tender care of a father contended with the offended authority of a

monarch, remained undecided what course to pursue. The Prince of Asturias witnessing the daily augmenting anxiety and embarrassment of his father, attributed this alteration in his conduct to the wrong cause, which I have already mentioned. In order to assist his weakness, and put an end to his indecision, in what he supposed concerned Godoy's overthrow, he called a meeting of the Grandees attached to his cause. The Duke de l'Infantado, Don Antonio Cabellero, Don Fernando Nunes, and several others, instantly obeyed him, and various means were proposed and discussed, the more effectually to assist the King in overthrowing the Colossus which he had raised, without being crushed under its ruins.

The Prince of Asturias, still misled by the report of a rupture between Napoleon and Godoy, thought that, secure of the support of the former, he might cast the mask aside, and present a petition to his Majesty, signed by the chief Grandees of the state, and requesting that the wishes of the most powerful ally of Spain should be fulfilled by the removal of the Prince of Peace, Generalissimo, and great Admiral, from the offices which he held. The other nobles differed in opinion; they feared, lest a renewal of their former solicitations should produce the same effect as it had already done. It was true that Godoy had reached the utmost height which a subject could hope to attain; that the affection of the King for him, if not exhausted,

had exhausted the possibility of displaying itself by new favours. But the perils which threatened him at this moment, had evidently called forth all the anxious tenderness of friendship in the heart of Charles IV. which, instead of being weakened by the application, might suddenly turn into a bold resolution of refusing the French Emperor, in the ill-founded but plausible persuasion, that his request had been made at their desire. These arguments convinced the Prince, that secrecy ought still to preside over his actions; having therefore settled a plan, and assigned to all the Grandees the part they were to perform, the assembly dissolved itself.

The spies of the Prince of Peace were too numerous, and too active, not to be informed of the meeting that had taken place in the Escorial, and the resolutions to which it had given birth. This information, when communicated to him, afforded him much pleasure, as it enabled him to increase the terror of the King, and to forward the views of the Emperor of France. The heir to the throne, and his party, were represented as conspirators against their lawful monarch, but their arrest was delayed till sufficient proofs might be found to convince the nation of their guilt.

Fearless and unsuspecting Ferdinand received the letters of the Grandees, who gave him a cautious account of their proceedings, and with less reluctance than usual repaired to a Court, which he hoped would soon be cleared from the favour-

ite, his relations, and his adherents. Having learnt from his spies that the Prince had just received letters which might lead to his crimination, Godoy obtained leave of the King to arrest him, before he could destroy or remove the pledges of his rebellious intentions ; and in the autumn of 1807 had the horrid satisfaction of committing the son of his King, and the victim of his artifice, a prisoner into the hands of a strong guard. The coat of the Prince was searched and letters found, which by the mysterious style in which they were written, the allusions and relations of intrigues which they contained, seemed fully to justify Godoy's assertions, and prove that the Prince of Asturias was bent upon effecting a *great change* in the government of his country.

The duke de l'Infantado and several other Grands were, of course, implicated in the charges, and therefore arrested, and their trial was about to proceed with rapidity, as well as that of the Prince, under the direction of their triumphant foe, when the Emperor Napoleon, disappointed in his hopes of an insurrection to rescue the Prince, interfered in behalf of the *rebellious Son*, and, as he lately expressed himself in a letter to Ferdinand, when raised by the abdication of his father to the throne, "by his efforts the affair of the Escorial received "a happy issue."

Ever since the termination of this affair, so unsuccessfully according to the wishes of the chief, though hidden agents who held the lever of in-

trigue, Napoleon feigned to have conceived a disgust for the Prince of Peace, caused by the baseness of his proceedings. This assumed coolness towards Godoy, produced upon the Prince of Asturias and his party the impression intended. They doubted not but they had acquired the friendship and support of the *great* Napoleon, and therefore were ready to forward his views; whilst the king and his favourite were privately informed that the anger of the Emperor was only a snare laid to try whether Ferdinand's repentance were sincere, by inspiring him with a belief that his rebellion would meet with the approbation and assistance of France.

The failure of this scheme induced Napoleon to seek for the gratification of his ambition in the execution of another, which he considered as being of minor importance, and had therefore reserved for the amusement of the leisure hours following, the success of the first—the subjugation of Portugal. Having ordered the Prince Regent of that unfortunate kingdom to shut his ports against the English, and, contrary to his expectations, received a refusal, he renewed his request, threatening at the same time to send an army to enforce it. Portugal was now compelled to obey, but this forced compliance did not disarm his anger or satisfy his rapacity. He now commanded the Prince Regent to violate the laws of honour, of hospitality, and of nations, and to seize upon the private property of every Englishman, whose commercial industry had

enriched his kingdom. The Prince shrank with abhorrence from this proposition, and Napoleon rejoicing at the pretence he thus afforded him for hostilities, easily persuaded the King of Spain, through the officious eloquence of his favourite, that it was necessary the Ruler of Portugal should be forced to join the coalition against England, or be deprived of his sway over a land which he had reduced into a colony of British traders. That, in order to effect this useful purpose, a free passage should be granted through Spain to as many French soldiers, as occurrences might require, who would join their numbers with those of the Spanish army, and conquer on *land* the independence of the *sea*.

The Council of Castile remonstrated, but in vain, against this measure. A free passage was granted to the French, who profited by the permission to assemble one hundred and fifty thousand men in the environs of Bayonne, on the frontiers of our country.

The consequences of the invasion of Portugal by the joint armies of deceitful France and deluded Spain, have partly been illustrated by the noble resolution which the Prince Regent displayed in his emigration to the Brazils. The distresses of our country, the fall of our monarch, the lawless confinement of our Royal Princes, and their forced renunciation to the throne of their ancestors, loudly proclaim the rest. The means employed to blast our independence, were the same I have already described—treachery and the art of fostering secret

discords at Court, arming the son against his father, and then supporting the father against the son; compelling a Queen, a mother—or rather bribing a depraved woman, by a promise of saving her lover's life, to declare her own dishonour, and, regardless of truth, to attaint her eldest son with bastardy! But our grievances call for action, and not words; for the sword, and not the pen; for the bursting vengeance of a rising nation, and not the overflowing unobserved indignation of a private individual. There are times when feelings cannot be expressed, and there are men who can shrink from the task of recording the disasters of their country, and yet delight in shedding all their blood in her cause!

Here the manuscript, which my friend entrusted to my care, abruptly terminated. I found, however, enclosed in the same parcel, the following extracts from the newspapers, on which he had written the word *authentic*. As many reports have intruded upon the public under the garb of truth, which are evidently false, I trust the insertion of these documents, some of which contain remarks of his own, at the end of his short but interesting narrative, will not prove unacceptable to my readers:—

“ It was thought necessary by the destroyer of our country, after he had been permitted to march nearly 80,000 men within forty leagues of the Capital, under pretence of their repairing to Cadiz, to line and defend our coasts, to set fire to the mine

he had for several years been laying, and wrap the metropolis of Spain in a revolutionary blaze. Without taking this step, the presence of his troops at Madrid would have been useless, and dissipated the blind confidence of the people whom he hoped to enslave; the spirit of the nation would have arisen, and our countrymen, headed by the king or his son, would have hurled defiance to his ambition, instead of being betrayed unarmed into his power. But by secretly exciting an insurrection against the government, and then offering the assistance of his soldiers to crush revolt, they would be welcomed as friends and deliverers. The Prince of Peace was therefore advised to cause a rumour to be spread, that the King intended to follow the example of the Prince Regent of Portugal, and transfer the seat of his empire to his South American possessions. In order to confirm this rumour, he was to propose this measure to his Sovereign, in the expectation that the Princes his sons, who had received new assurances from Napoleon of his good-will and affection, would oppose it strenuously, and therefore be chosen by the people for their leaders. These secret arrangements produced the following consequences, accurately described in a letter from Madrid, and which nearly proved fatal to their vile and chief instigator, the Prince of Peace.

Since the 13th of March, 1808, such important events have taken place that my mind is not collected enough to allow me to arrange them in a

proper order. Certain intelligence having been received of the approach of the French army, a report was spread, that the Prince of Peace, anxious to save himself and his wealth from French rapacity, had resolved to persuade the King and Royal Family to set out with him from Cadiz, and proceed to South America. That for this purpose he had taken out of the Royal chest 36 millions of rials, and in the course of the preceding month had sent 60 millions to Corunna, which were destined for London. On the 16th he arrived at Madrid, but on the Sunday following retired as usual to Aranjuez. As soon as he had reached this place he called a meeting of the Council, in which he, for the first time, expressed a suspicion of the sincerity of the French, and advised their Majesties to leave their country for South America. The following Monday the signature of the three principal persons were obtained, but Don J. A. Cabellero refused his consent, and declared he should not allow them to do what they intended. The King represented to him in the most earnest manner the danger in which they were involved, that Godoy had assured him the people of Madrid demanded his head, and that flight was the only means of safety that remained. Don Cabellero pronounced the tale related by the Prince of Peace to be false, and exclaimed that his Sovereign had been deceived. The King immediately answered, "Do they deceive me?—Do they betray me? Who is the traitor?"—"There

“he stands,” cried Cabellero, pointing to the astonished favourite who drew his sword. The King gave a sign of incredulity, and broke up the Council. The Prince of Asturias, and his brother, Don Fernando Nunes, the Duke de l’Infantado, and the other Grandees of the same party, who had opposed the measure of emigration, retired. On the 17th it was understood that the Spanish guards were to march to Aranjuez, and that the two regiments of Swiss were alone to remain here. These regiments have not for some time been popular in this city. The whole of the populace on this news, hurried to the road leading to Aranjuez—“Spaniards!” every one cried to the soldiers, “will you abandon your country? Will you protect the flight of a Prince who sacrifices his subjects, and goes to carry disorder to our colonies? Have we as little spirit as the inhabitants of Lisbon?” The Prince of Asturias’ adherents circulated hand-bills in the surrounding villages, stating what was going on, and the imminent danger in which the country was placed. On the 18th, the peasants hurried in crowds to Aranjuez, and a scene of tumult ensued. The palace of the Prince of Peace was defended by his guards who had a particular watch-word, those at the castle had another. At four in the morning the people rushed to seize the person of the favourite, and were repulsed by his guards; but the life guards having turned against him, the gates were forced, and the furniture broken. The Princess of Peace ran to the

staircase and was conducted to the King's Palace, with all the respect due to her birth and rank. Her husband concealed himself behind a chest, but was driven from his hiding place, and conveyed to the barracks of the Walloon guards. On his way thither several stones were thrown at him. His brother Don Diego commandant of the life guards was wounded and arrested by his own soldiers.

The people who were assembled before the Palace, called loudly to see their Sovereigns. The King and his eldest son appeared, and were greeted with shouts of applause. The latter then repaired to the barracks in which Godoy was confined. This unfortunate, but criminal, man appeared before him, his face besmeared with blood, and faint with the loss of blood from a wound in his thigh—He said to the Prince of Asturias, "I beg mercy of your Majesty." "Manuel," replied the Prince, "do you forget that my father is still alive?" "I must believe that he is dead," exclaimed the fallen Minister, "since you command here." "My father is not dead," the Prince rejoined, "but shortly shall cease to command, and if I am not a King, I shall soon be one." He then ordered his prisoner to be closely confined in a village three leagues from the capital, and guarded by a hundred cavalry, and five hundred foot; whilst his brother, his relations, and friends were shut up in a castle.

A few days afterwards the King was prevailed on to dismiss Godoy from all his employments, and

shortly after to resign his crown to his son ; for having once trod the paths of ambition, and finding that success favoured his cause, Ferdinand easily persuaded himself he was able to steer the helm of the state in this time of difficulties, and mounted the throne which his father had abdicated. An artful letter from Napoleon, dated Bayonne, the 16th of April, informed the new monarch that he had been disappointed in his expectations of meeting with a friend and supporter in the Emperor of France, but still he might confide in his honour and his justice. At his request, he consented to release the Prince of Peace, on condition that he should spend the rest of his days in France : and, against the advice of his Council, regardless of the supplications of his new subjects, he determined to obey his invitation, and repair to Bayonne. Meanwhile his capital was deluged with French soldiers, who also occupied some of the most important fortresses in Spain, yet as imprudent and unsuspecting as his father, he and all the members of the Royal Family crossed the Pyrenées, and placed themselves in the hands of a faithless Sovereign, vainly hoping that he would sincerely contribute to settle the troubles of the country and consolidate the power of its new Governors.

The following letter written by an inhabitant of Bayonne, and an eye-witness to most of the scenes which it describes, cannot fail to excite the most lively interest on account of its veracity and the importance of its subject. It has already made its

appearance in one or two English Papers, but, like the sun, the beneficence of whose light is not impaired by its frequent re-appearance, truth cannot too often greet the eyes of men.

“ *Bayonne, May 8th, 1808.*

“ This town has seen, with an astonishment from which it has not yet recovered, the conclusion of a business which, in the first instance, presented so favourable an appearance, by the arrival of Ferdinand VII. and what subsequently occurred in the successive sittings up to the memorable Congress of the 5th. When the new Sovereign arrived here, he was received at a league distant from Bayonne, by the Prince of Neufchatel, the principal Major Domo Duroc, and other personages of the first consequence, the General Aid-de-camp, and a brilliant assembly, who accompanied the King of Spain to the apartments designed for him, leaving at the residence of his Majesty an Imperial Guard of Honour. Half an hour after the Emperor Napoleon arrived from his Palace at Murac, accompanied by a numerous suit of personages, to visit Ferdinand VII. who immediately repaired to the gate to receive his Imperial visitor. Napoleon alighted from his horse, threw his arms round his august guest, saluted him, shook him by the hand, and assured him of his sincere friendship. After this first meeting, Napoleon invited Ferdinand to dine with him at five o'clock, but previously sent to him a state carriage, drawn by most beautiful horses, showing to him then, and afterwards, every possible

attention. So that the three first days of his arrival in Bayonne were days of rejoicing ; and the people really believed that it was intended in good earnest to honour and respect the royal visitor.

“ After this a number of private interviews took place between Ferdinand and Napoleon ; in the first of which Napoleon offered to him the crown of Etruria, and his niece in marriage. Some of these conferences were held in the presence of the First Minister, M. Cevallos, who distinguished himself upon the occasion, as will be remarked in the Junta of the 5th of May, and at these conferences there was much altercation. Subsequently to them, however, Ferdinand was deprived of his carriage and of his guard of honour, remaining only with the Commandant of his private guard, a Jewish officer of the National Guard of Bayonne.

“ From this moment the state of things became changed, and Napoleon now assumed towards the Prince a different and an angry aspect ; intimating to the Noblemen who accompanied Ferdinand, that they should answer with their heads for the security of his person, which produced among them a sudden dejection. The object of these conferences seemed to be that of gaining time for the arrival of Godoy, and of the King and Queen. But in the meanwhile Napoleon intimated to Ferdinand, that the reign of the Bourbons was at an end ; adding, that his and their interests were at variance, and that the continuance of the sceptre in their hands could no longer conduce to the developement of

his plans, and the vast political objects he had in view. Notwithstanding this, however, he pressed Ferdinand to accept the kingdom of Etruria, and directed the Grandees to counsel their Prince to accede to his proposal—Ferdinand answered boldly, “ I will not accept the Crown of Etruria, nor any
“ Crown in the world, whilst nature gives me a
“ rightful claim to that of Spain.—My only ambition is to render my people happy; and I
“ would choose to die in the midst of my faithful
“ Spaniards, though it were my fate to wear the
“ chains of servitude, and to resign whatever
“ would most attach me to life.” Reproaching afterwards Napoleon with having deceived him, in thus inviting him to visit France, he answered, that if he had not come voluntarily, he should have made him by force.

“ On the arrival of Godoy, and the King and Queen, who were received and entertained with the greatest magnificence, the Sitting, or Congress of the 5th May, was held, at which Napoleon First, and Charles Fourth presided; present, the Queen Maria Luisa, the Infanta Don Carlos, Godoy, the Grandees of Spain, and the first Minister Cevallos. The Queen, transported with rage, at his late attempts against the liberty and fortune of her favourite, addressed her son Ferdinand, “ ‘Traitor
“ and wretch! for years you have been imagining
“ and contriving the death of the King your father, but by *the vigilance of the Prince of*
“ *Peace, by his zeal and loyalty*, you have not at-

“ tained your object. Neither you, nor those traitors who have served or co-operated with you in your base designs. I tell you to your face, that you are my son, and not the son of the King. —Yes, without having any other right to the Crown, than that which you derive from your mother, you have sought to wrest it from us by force; but I will and consent that the Great Napoleon shall be the Arbitrator between us, in favour of whom, we renounce and cede our right to the exclusion of our family. I call upon him to punish you and your associates as traitors, and I commit the whole nation to Napoleon.”—Napoleon put an end to her rage, by saying—“ No !—I give to Ferdinand the Crown of Naples, and to Carlos, that of Etruria, together with two of my nieces in marriage. Let them say, if they will accede to this proposal.”—To this the Infanta Don Carlos boldly answered, “ Emperor, I was not born to be a King, but Infanta of Spain.”—And addressing his brother, “ And you, my brother, and King, speak, and be not alarmed, defend your right, you are a Spaniard; your country will be ready to sacrifice its blood for you and its independence. Be not alarmed, but let us go hence, though it were to the scaffold, or perpetual imprisonment. For that Providence which directs a faithful nation, shall in due time visit his vengeance upon a faithless Emperor, who can thus disregard his own promise, and lay aside every semblance of

“ right and reason. Ah ! Fernando, who robs
“ you of the Crown of Spain ? An *ignorant Fa-*
“ *ther, an infamous Mother, and her favourite,*
“ *Godoy.* He, in truth, is the traitor, the plotter
“ of the death of your Father, the usurper of the
“ legitimate rights of your family, the author of
“ the calumny, and an apostate in religion.—Who
“ countenances these machinations ?—The tyranny
“ of an Emperor, to whom we have looked for pro-
“ tection.”—And he finished by saying, “ Napo-
“ leon, I am no longer an Infant of Spain, but I
“ was born one !”—The Minister, Cevallos, then
began to speak, and with a flowing eloquence, apos-
trophising Godoy, he said, “ Infamous man, un-
“ worthy of the name of a Spaniard ; you have
“ sold your Country and your Prince. But the
“ same Emperor who now appears to protect you
“ has decreed within himself your punishment and
“ that of the parent King.—Do you behold, trai-
“ tor, how he is taking advantage every moment of
“ these contentions ? Ah ! how could you have in-
“ fluenced the minds of these miserable parents to-
“ wards their children ! But your error—your
“ crimes—You ought to have done your duty to-
“ wards them, though it were only in return for
“ having saved your life from the fury of the po-
“ pulace. Answer ! But it is impossible.—’Tis
“ not so with me who am a loyal Spaniard, the se-
“ cond person in the nation, and first subject of
“ the King. But Cevallos has religiously fulfilled
“ his duty ; and you have always trembled before

“Cevallos.” He continued speaking thus for near an hour and a quarter; so that the Emperor knew not what to answer in refutation of the arguments he advanced. In this predicament, recurring to his authority, he ordered to be taken from his presence the phenomenon, saying, “he had thought it impossible that the earth should contain a man of so much freedom before the Emperor of the French. But I’ll reward you for it.”—Mr. Cevallos went out; and M. Gomez spoke afterwards. But it was finally decreed by Napoleon I. and Charles IV. that Ferdinand VII. should renounce the crown to his father in the space of six hours. Under this violence, he was compelled to do it; but with certain restrictions, which Napoleon was ready to admit, and to which he agreed with Charles IV. The latter finally consented to abdicate and cede his crown to Napoleon; who, in turn, transferred it to his brother Joseph I. at Naples, nominating, in the mean while, the Grand Duke of Berg as lieutenant of the kingdom.”

The consequences of this forced renunciation of all the Princes of the House of Bourbon to the throne of Spain are now before the public, and have not only awakened a sympathetic spirit in the souls of Britons, but called for and obtained their powerful assistance. The whole population of Spain, fired with indignation at the treachery of their neighbours, that basely robbed them of their King, the monarch of their choice, and would impose a foreign yoke upon them, has started up in arms to

repel the foe. The insurrection is not one of those wild bursts of popular discontent, that vent themselves in outrages against the laws or Government of a country. It bears a systematic appearance, a character of dignity which reflecting wisdom alone could assume, and true patriotism could wear. Nor has the faithless Emperor, whose ambition raised this storm of war, remained unprepared to shed human blood. Upwards of a hundred and fifty thousand men had been collected near Bayonne during the course of last winter, and he has issued orders for fifty thousand men from Italy, and all his disposeable force to approach by rapid marches to invade Spain. Let us rest for the termination of this important contest, on the wisdom of that Almighty Being, who, for secret purposes, has crowded the opening of the nineteenth century with events numerous enough to have filled an age: who has overthrown the proudest monarchies, to form new kingdoms and create new sovereigns: whose plans it is impossible for the eye of man to peruse, unless when written in the forcible language of actions and circumstances on the page of unfolding time whose severest chastisement proceeds from love, and whose great and immutable end is heavenly, merciful, and everlasting justice.

THE END.

Allen, m/r.

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